

b. 39 b. 34.

THE HISTORIE OF CALANTHROP AND LVCILLA.

CONSPICVOVSLY DE-
monstrating the various mutabilities
of Fortune in their loves, with every severall
circumstance of ioyes and crosses, fortunate
exploites, and hazardous adventures,
which either of them sustained be-
fore they could attaine the prof-
perous event of their
wished aimes.

By I O H N KENNEDIE.

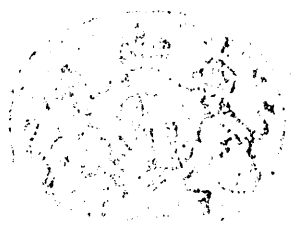
*Gratis Corycio, mihi nectar Castalis Unda,
Mnemosynes nata, nocte dedere novem,*



EDINBURGH

Printed by John Wreitsoun, and are to be sold
at his shop a little beneath the Salt-
Trone. 1625. 24

* He was the son of Sir Hugh Mackay by Lady
Jane Sutherland daughter of John Earl of
Sutherland - He was created Lord Reay the
20th June 1628.



TO THE RIGHT

HONORABLE, TRVELIE

NOBLE, MAGNANIMOVS, AND

worthy Lord, Sir DONALD

MACKAYE, of STRA-

NEVER Knight,

Lord Colonell, &c.*

MY LORD,

I Have (reposing in your Lordships in-
genuous nature) assumed the audaci-
tie for two respects, to present these my
Neophiticall labours vnto your Lord-
ship. The first reason moving me so to
doe, is this: Each generous minde re-
putes your Lordship to be well affected towards every
act or aime (being vertuous) of whatsoever qualitie.
The which report hath much imboldned mee (though
meanly acquainted) to offer out of the indigencie of my
illiterate skull, this little mite, assuredly expecting (that
since it proceeds of a loving & liberal mind, that your L.
will accept thereof (though it be not of such value) even
as well as of theirs (who out of the abundant riches of
their prudent and learned experiences) doe vsually
throw moe talents into the Thesaurie of your Lordships
præ excellent and admired worth. The second reason in-
citing me, is this, That in regard this my Poeticall Ex-
ordium, is the first perspicuous invention of my sterile
braine: and therefore consequently fearing the insuffici-

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

encie thereof, I esteemed it my best to make choyce of your Lordship, as my worthy Meccenas, whose grandour, and great respect, is of sufficient power to palliate all the infirmities of this Pamphlet, yea and to shrowd the very same from the impetuous obloquie, and preposterous scandall, of the most calumnious carper, or Satyricke Inveigher. Therefore since for your Lordship I did it, and to your Lordship I direct it: then good my Lord vouchsafe to patronize it. By which means I shall prove fortunate in my attempt, & your Lordship (as you are of every worthy one already, much respected) shal also of me be more & more revered, & intirely & infinitely affected. as I have special reason, being tyed many wayes thereto by dutie-bound obligation: of the which I esteem this last none of the least, and shall perpetually acknowledge it so to be, wishing your Lordship (in requitall of the same vnderdeserved benefite) the perfect fruition of each terrestriall happinesse here, and immortall felicitie hence, vowing likewise solemnly (during life) to continue,

Your Lordships dutie-bound and obsequious servant, whom your Lordship may absoluteley dispose of,

John Kennedie.



TO EACH READER OF whatsoever qualitie or condition.

IVdicious and Courteous Reader, knowing (by many experiences) that those who are most prudent, learned, or capable, are generally ever most favourable and sparing in their censures. I therefore have presumed to commit this Poeme to thy view, intreating thee, that though perhaps it doe not give thee every way content, and that in respect it is voyd of ornate or elegant phrase, and not of an Heroicke stile: and therefore not answerable to thy expectation, nor my desire: yet since it is (though not as I would, yet such as I could) allow me this gaine for my paines, that it passe without checke. But after the perusing hereof, if thou bee so benevolently disposed, (though not to commend the worke) yet to approve my aime, I shall for that vnderdeserved favour, ever esteeme my selfe infinitely bound to thy courtesie. But if thou prove towards mee an invective Critick, I am enforced to tel thee, that *Momists* are little or nothing respected. And *Zoylus*, though through carping at *Homerus* his workes, acquired the name of *Homermastix* (which is *Homers* scourge) yet was he laught at for his paines, because he disapproved the worke which hee could neither amend nor paralell. It likewise was reputed a cynical humour in *Phocion* (though hee was *Plato* his scholler) to carp at every man that wore shooes, because he himself went alwayes bare-footed. Likewise let me advise thee, if thou be a Poet, that thou doe not, with *Theon*, satyrickly inveigh at those who are thy betters, because thou thy selfe comest short of their worke, and therefore canst neither merite nor attaine the like commendation. Grudge not therefore because that the Poetical talent is not bestowed vpon every one alike, but rather endeavour through study (if thou be so vertuously inclined) to extend the Talent thou hast allowed thee. But if thou be illiterate, and yet aime to censure (if thou hadst vnderstanding) this Poeme invectively, I will advise thee for thy

thy profite (though I have small reason so to doe, in respect of thy malevolent intent) to desist, lest thou give me occasion to say, *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*: or, smiling at thy peevish humour, intreat thee to meddle onely with such things as come within the compasse of thy capacitie. Yea, though thou be indifferently well affected, yet if ihou be vnlearned, I dare hardly adventure to come within the circuite of thy censure, lest either through misconstruing the subiect, or maimedly reading the verse, thou value my labour at too low a rate. But vnhappy hee (and worthy to bee esteemed the Prince of fooles) who willingly consents to vnder-goe the censure of those who are both besotted with ignorance, and of a Satyrick disposition. Yet expecting the best of every Reader, because I by those, no otherwayes have deserved, I thus conclude, which every one that is capable must allow, as a *Dilemma*, that since love ever aimes at a correspondencie, (notwithstanding of the inequality of persons. For as the old Scottish Adage goeth, *Love cannot stand on the one side*. So Reader, I whatsoever thou be) according to thy censure of these my labours, rest towards thee affected, even thus,

Thine as thou meritest,

John Kennedic.

Philetaros.

In Authorem Encomiasticon.

Non Venerem Coam melius puto pinxit Apelles,
Praxitilesve prius Gnidiam de marmore duxit
Nec mage dulce melos, Siculo cita Vela profundo
Detinuit, Kenedo fuit hic quam nectar ab ore,
Harmonicisque modis castos describit amores,
Suavis huc patriis manans de vitibus humor.
Ritè Caledoniis numeris includere Versus
Gestit, & ad patrios modulos benè Verba referre,
Nec finit indecores nostras, magis esse Camenas.
Scilicet Aonidum chorus, hunc, super ardua vectum,
Per iuga Parnassi, gelidique cacumina Pindi,
Castalios gustare lacus, umbrasque subire,
Lauriferi nemoris, secretaque Phocidos antra
Permittit, Comitumque sacri iubet ordinis ire,
Inter & illustres nomen meruisse poetas,
Quotquot Hyanteos, latices hausere Caballi
Ergo per hunc, veteri Coaque, Gnidoque relicta
Vesta Caledonias Venus aurea venit ad oras,
Barbara nec dici meruit, Velut indiga cultus,
Lingua Britanna, suo referens sermone libellos.

Galterus Bellendinus.

Ejusdem aliud.

Hic Venerem Venerisque doces Kennede clientes,
Ore Verecundo Verba Britanna loqui,
Vlla nec in toto prurit lascivia libro,
Non minus est nobis, pagina, Vita, proba.

Galterus Bellendinus

In Kenedum Authorem.

Gordius a Kenedo laxatur nodus amoris,
Nexibus haud ruptis ense, sed arte datis,
Pingitur alma Venus non sic pinxisset Apelles,
Cedat cui Naso, splendet amoris Epos.
Nil miri expertum quod cantet amator amorem
Cura quàm Musas perpete captus amet.
R. Fairlens.

The Mappe of this Muse.

Readers I wish thee hencefoorth to refraine,
To read the rupturs of madde Ovids braine
What canst thou find in al these lines of his
But flatterings, smilings, or a baudie kisse,
Vaine wenching, ieasting, dallieing, iealousies,
Faine sights, deccars, and Venus vanities,
But view this pamphlet, and thy witt shall finde
Wise precepts and instructions for thy minde.
Sweet peace of thought, the secreet ioy of heart,
Chaste modest loue, void of all vicious airt,
Rare continence, adorne with vertues shame,
Still lothing loue that lecherie doth name
Loc heere are lynes of passing pleasant grace,
Which modest maids may read but blush of face
Those are the first fruits of a braue ingyne,
Fortelling what his spirit will proue in time.
Then goe briebe booke and Momus seed defye,
Bee not affraid of Criticks base envie,
For to thy fame this boldly I relate.
No lines of loue shall liue a longer date.

Patrick Mackenzie.

THE HISTORY OF CALANTHROP AND LVCILLA.

IN Summers day young *Calanthrop* fate downe
In pleasant grove, hard by a crysell brooke,
A Bay by vmbrage, *Flora* by her gowne
Gave such content, that great delight he tooke :
For here his smell was pleas'd, so was his sight,
His body safe from *Phabus* scorching light.

Zephyrus motion 'mongst the fruitfull sprigges,
Made fall the Cherry, Apple, Prune and Peare :
Feath' red confed' rates fate on tender twigges,
Ready prepared for to please his care :
These wing'd Musicians strain'd their pretty throates,
In diuers Ditties warbling forth their notes.

In yonder rock sits *Niobe* immur'd,
Here *Philomela* 'gin s for to lament,
Panaan Daphne there growes vp obscur'd,
Phaetons sisters likewise doe relent,
And with their Amber teares through barke and rine,
Their losse and brothers fall seeme to repine.

Looke, *Adons* floure, yet of Vermilion dye,
Retaines the staine received by his blood,
The silver teares fell from faire *Venus* eye
Vpon the leafe stand yet, as then they stood,
For, seeing how the Boare her loue had slaine,
Shee weeping kist, and kissing't weeps againe.

Narcissus next, presents it to his view
With drouping head, as he in fountaine gaz'd,
In signe he drencht, yet is it wet with dew,
Without a breach, it's head cannot be rais'd,
Of colour white, small saueur doth possesse,
He foolish faire, his death doth well expresse.

B

Turning

Turning by chance, his eye aside he cast,
And there perceives a fountaine richly fram'd
Of Jet-black Marble, snow-white Alabaſt,
Nature nor workman neither to bee blam'd:
The worke was portraits, as I ſhall deſcribe,
Through liquid motion ſeem'd (though dead) alive.

There *Mars* and *Venus* might you ſee inſnar'd
In *Vulcans* net, ſtill toying to get out,
Both of them vowing for to bee repair'd,
In taking vengeance on the polt-foot lout,
Phæbus peepes in, ſhame ſits on *Venus* cheek,
In Scarlet roabe, *Mars* ſtrength is now to ſeek.

A ſtatue next, *Orpheus* doth repreſent,
His harpe in hand, *Sylvanus* doth approach,
With *Sylvans*, *Fauns*, and *Satyrs* of intent,
To trip and daunce the woodie *Nymphes* incroach,
The tops of trees reverberate the ground,
Who, if they rootleſſe were, would daunce a Round.

Even as the Ivie doth inſold the Oke,
Right ſo *Pygmalion* can his Statue cloſe,
Twixt breſt and armes, that ſcarce he leaſure tooke
To view it well, for kiſſing't mouth and noſe.
It ſeemes on him to ſmile with comly grace,
And ſtill the water makes them move apace.

Next, ſits *Arion* on a Dolphins backe,
The light-foot *Nereids*, tripping on the ſand:
He playes, the Dolphins tumbling, dauncing make,
His ſpeciall aime is to attaine the land.
Twixt ſea and ſhore, him toſſe they to and froe,
Though not indeed, by water ſeeme they ſo.

Then greedie *Midas*, ſenceleſſe in his ſute
To *Bacchus* made, that what he toucht in gold,
Should quick'y turne, his Aſſes eares repute,
Midſt gold halfe ſtarv'd, he heavens implores, behold,
The reſponſe bids go bathe in *Pactol's* ſtreame,
Thy vertue loſſe, thy former ſtate redeeme.

See how *At'lanta* and *Hippomenes*,
By foot-courſe try moſt ſwiftly who can run,
Venus gold apples of *Hiſperides*,
The Laſſe perceives lye glistering gainſt the ſunne.
Firſt one, an other, before the third ſhe catch,
The Lad prevailes, and winnes her to his match.

As *Icar* ſoares with artificiall wings,
His father cries, Sonne, keepe a lower gate;
Oft-times ambition late repentance brings,
His waxen plumes, ſhake looſe through *Titans* heat.
Whilſt *Dedalus* an equall courſe ſtill craves,
The ſea his ſonne of flight and breath bereaves.

Grim-fac'd *Meduſa*, next, with Snakie head,
Lookes all imbrowd in Serpents loathſome gore,
The vipers ſeeme, by biting, make her bleed,
Such is the water worke I ſhew before.
Thoſe that beheld her, turned were to ſtone,
So are they here, ſave *Calanthrop*, each one.

Paris on *Idæ*, three goddeſſe him beforne,
Stands doubting which of them to giue the ball.
Pallas bids wit, *Iuno* gold, nere forlorne,
Venus faire *Helen* height, and gained all.
Gold he reiects, Prudence no whit prevail'd,
Bewitching beautie ſo his heart aſſail'd.

Laſt, *Venus* ſonne ſtands hood-winkt, from his bow
He ſhafts forth ſends at randone through the aire,
Without reſpect both whom he hit or how,
If hee doe hit at all, is all his care.
None can evite all-conquering *Cupids* ſting
The baſe-borne beggar, nor the royall king.

This grove *Gargaphie* juſtly might be cal'd,
Save that a *Dian* doth it not containe,
Nor *Cadmus* Oye, whoſe head with hornes impal'd,
For timeleſſe viewing of the chaſteſt traine,
Precipitate *Alceon* of his ruthleſſe hounds,
For *Fatall* looke, received *Fatall* wounds.

CALANTHROP

Whilst *Calanthrop* thus gaz'd, him thought he heard
Musickes sweet sound arrest his hearing sence,
Hee turnes and sees approach, a lovely guard
Of Damofels, yet knew not their pretence,
His anxious thoughts import a tim'rous minde,
Himselfe he shrouds an Ivic-bush behinde.

By this those Nymphes at fountaine doe arriue,
Their instruments they lay apart, and then
Who can their Mistres first deuoabe, they striue,
This takes away her roabes, that comes agen.
Thorow the bush, still *Calanthrop* doth pry,
Their trickes he doth with small content espye.

One with a key vnlockes the fountaine gates,
And now the fairest doth the streame embrace,
Shee warms the spring, the spring her heat abates,
Her Iv'rie body doth the fountaine grace.
Shee ioyesto bathe, but *Calanthrop's* afraid,
Poore malcontent he to himselfe thus said.

Oh heavens (said he) must I an *Acteon* prove,
This cursed *Dian* then is every where:
Infort' nate youth, what fatall chance did move
Thee at this time vnto these woods repaire.
Remed'lesse grieues, I finde are most obscure,
What *Fates* decree, we humanes must endure.

But oh, if one might possibly require,
Or cite those *Fates* to render their account
Before great *Iove*, what matter then in fire
(If once reveng'd) in smallest ash be burnt.
But wee (aye me) without controll they still
Dispose of us, we must obey their will.

Now there *Megara* and *Alecto* come
For to coact my metamorphosis,
But stay you *Furies*, sure I will by some
Vn-usuall trickes, you disappoint in this.
Now with his sword to rob he doth intend
Himselfe of life, which should his life defend.

AND LVCELLA.

And as the point he presents to his breast,
Take courage wofull *Calanthrop* (said he)
This heart of thine where earst did sorrows rest,
Now at one thrust shall quickly bee made free,
And this braue act shall eternize thy name,
Who death preferres before a living shame.

Mean while that maid, whom he *Megara* thought
Taking her fellow by the hand, did say,
Cousin, by your advice we here are brought,
Lets turne in time left in these woods we stray:
Or shall we goe and make us pleasant posies,
For here's good store of Violets and Roses.

This their discourse did suddenly denood
Him so of sence, that still hee did surmize
Hee dream'd: for such an vnexpected good
As this, he thought could hardly sympathize
With his thrice more then miserable state,
Which winds with grones, would through the world regrade

By this his blood begins againe retire,
Yet dare he not allow his eyes their due,
But still he lookes, and looking doth admire,
This happy change he cannot thinke be true,
But to confirme what he before hath seene,
Even him beside vpon a flourie greene,

These wel-fac'd *Furies* who of late dismaid
Him now begin againe to recomfort,
So that his furious enterprize he staid,
And rests content to see them make such sport.
For whilst their Lutes, a Base or Tenour sound,
Their voyce in Alts sweet musicke doe abound.

Though that a man through melancholy mad
Were so ore-gone, that he could not abide
No companie, nor musicke for to glad
His sp'rits, yet such Musicians would assyde
Soone banish grief, & by their heavenly voyce,
The saddest heart that ever was reioyce.

CALANTHROP

Now one of those, belike, of speciall worth,
Her selfe advances, and her voyce doth raise,
Her brave intent thus prosecutes shee forth,
Which was to sing vnto her Mistres praise.

There'st applaud in hearing her rehearse
This Dittie which herselfe had put in verse.

THE DITTIE OF A MAID.

M Aiestick Iuno iealous was,
As Io well did finde,
Her Cow-heard Argus sight surpasses
All mens, yet was made blinde.
Through Morpheus aid, and Syrinx note,
Asleepe he fell, his charge forgot.

Vulcans faire wife the wanton plaid
With mee then Mars, you know,
At last the Smith her well repaid
For his cornuted blow.
The Cent' nell Gallus he neglected,
So Mars his master him reiected.

Chaste Dian iustly may be taxt
Of monstrous crueltie,
Who for one looke so angry waxt
As could indure to see.
A man so fyle, vnhappy wife
First horn'd the man, then tooke his life.

Ioyes braine-bred daughter, much ador'd
Of Troians: made descend
From Heavens Palladium, which infor'd
them still, and much defend
Their Citie: yet for all her wit
The wylh. Greeke removed it.

AND LUCILLA.

There's one whose beantie well may bee
Compared to Ioves Queene,
No envie, nor no iealousie
Is, or hath, with her been.
All mortals may her praise proclaime,
LUCILLA is this Ladies name.

Venus was faire, yet had a stain,
Faire Helen had the same,
Into her face a spot some faine:
But such hath not this Dame.
Lucilla's faire, without disgrace,
No in chast spot is in her face.

The Huntresse chaste, might well admit
This Lady of her traine,
No cruell nor no cholerick fit,
Doth in her heart remaine.
She in this gift, her sexe exceeds,
Chaste are her thoughts, her words, her deeds.

If prudent Pallas were on earth,
Her equall should she finde
For solid wit: as for rare birth,
Pallas surpass her kinde.
Yet had Lucilla Troy protecte,
No forraine force had them eiecte.

Each goddesse for one qualitie,
You see are still extold
Should then not shee, in whom agree
all graces, be inrolde
In rolles of fame? since free from fault,
Let all the earth her thus exalt.

A Iuno lacking iealousie,
A Venus stainlesse faire,
A Dian without crueltie,
For wit a Pallas rare.
Lucilla's Vertues shine as cleare,
As Phoebus in his highest spheare.

CALANTHROP

HER song thus ended, presently one calles,
So they retire their Mistres to attend.
This maid who cal'd, whereas the Spring devalles
Still staid since first *Lucilla* did descend
Into the Bathe, where she hath staid so long,
That they'r afraid, her too much bathing wrong

At her egressse, the statues seeme to weepe,
For woe that faire *Lucilla* must depart,
Which matchlesse treasure they wold gladly keep.
Now from their eyes the water drops by art.
Likewise the water downe her body trilling,
As loath to part: last on her feet stands billing.

Till that the Aire, more subtile element,
His place doth claime, which yet the water holds,
But now that raine, by *Aeolus* force halfe spent,
Which yet remaines, one in a cloath infolds,
And so leaues Aire, & Water, midst their store,
To trye whose interest greatest was before.

Quoth *Neptune*, brother *Aeolus*, I may
You iustly taxe, of breach of brotherhood,
Who most enioyes *Lucilla* night and day,
Not so content, with *Vesta* you collude,
Still to prevent her wish'd approach to me,
For Brookes and Springs are mine, as is the Sea.

Then *Aeole* thus, with boystrous voyce reply'd,
Neptune, *Lucilla's* not a fish belieue,
Nor can with finnes, thy weltring waves divide,
Nor is she Sea-Nymph, therefore do not grieue
She leaue thy home, by nature cold and wet,
By me she liues, though *Vesta's* part were set.

Neptune replies, *Lucilla* liues by you?
You'l make her then a Salmond fish indeed,
For th' Aire those fish some say their food allow,
And by report they on nought els do feed.
But she's no fish, nor fowle, nor bird that sings,
For as she gills doth lack, so doth she wings.

AND LUCILLA.

My mates (quoth *Vesta*) may not I as well
Some interest claime into this louely lasse,
Since her, and such, for to sustaine I feele
Vpon my wombe the crooked plow oft passe,
And script vp, reintegrates with gaine
To *Bacchus* wine, and vnto *Ceres* graine.

Now came *Acmonides* the *Cyclop* swift,
And them commands in *Vulcans* name, leaue off
Such friv'lous talke, els by some suddaine shift,
His master would them chastice: him they scosse,
And bad him tell his master, they regard
No whit his message, far lesse such reward.

For (quoth they) though his region be aboute
Ours plac't, yet doth he beare no rule ore us,
And no superior saue the mightie *Iove*,
Will we acknowledge, also tell him thus,
Choler abounds most in a furious beast,
But in *Lucilla* is his interest least.

Yet stay (said *Vesta*) let vs not despise
His pow'r: for, when foolish *Phaeton* fell,
I got a hot memento, to be wise,
Which yet my scorched *Lybia* can tell.
For guiltlesse I try'd then, his fierie force,
Choler no reason yeelds, nor hath remorse.

And *Aeole* likewise you'l confesse, I hope,
You must giue place to *Vulcans* thundring clap;
Neptune likewise for all his boundlesse scope,
Is not content such in his bosome wrap,
For sure the habite of immod'rate heat
Will watry *Tethys* to repine excite.

Now *Vulcans* selfe into their hearing roares,
And terribly midst fierie flames appeares,
Thorow the clouds he in his chariot soares,
At such a sight, the hearts of humans feares.
And now twixt *Aeole* and the god of flouds,
He lights, and leaues his Chariot mongst the clouds,

My friends (quoth *Vulcan*) will you play me for
 Shall I've no part in faire *Lucilla* here?
 In rationall, and sensitive you know,
 And vegetative creatures, still I beare
 A part with you: why then not so in this?
 Who count before their Hoast, they count amisse.

But yet you may (perhaps) mistake mee much,
 To dominiere in such, I do not use,
 So then I trust, since that my humour's such,
 Me as copartner you will not refuse.
 By nature shee participates of all
 Vs foure: yet t'one must shee be most in thrall.

Let's therefore trye who hath this rule supream,
Vesta shall bee disburnd of this charge,
 Melancholie in her is not extreame,
 Nor yet shall he who rules the rivers large.
 Beare soveraigne rule: so let him not contest,
 For flegme, in age, it selfe best manifest.

Then *Neptune* thus spake in a chafing rage,
 I hope one *Venus Vulcan* may suffice,
Lucilla's wit, her choler doth asswage,
 Therefore to him doth not belong this prize,
 To Aire then yeeld her, as we ought in dutie,
 Since Sanguines onely doe possesse such beautie.

Thus then agreed *Vulcan* for *Aetna* makes,
Aeol doth still 'bove sea or earth abide,
 For hee, you know, a locall mansion lackes,
Neptune returnes, to rule his waters wide:
Vesta prepares herselfe to give account,
 How farre her yearly increase doth amount.

But now, to faire *Lucilla* must I turne,
 Whom maids, in rich apparrell, gladly cloath,
 Shee homeward tends, whereat the woods doe mourne,
Calanthrop likewise, wood and fountaine both
 Bids now farewell, and in *Lucilla's* quest
 He goes, which if attaind, he thinkes him blest.

Ov'r hilles and vales, through meads and dales hee runnes,
 No steepe mountaine may his passage let:
 At last hee sees her, and at first two Sunnes,
 Of which the brightest on the earth is set.
 Hee thinkes he sees, his obiect him deceives,
 Againe hee lookes, a womans face perceives.

But such a face, the earth yeeldes not another,
 For matchlesse beautie, and behaviour brave:
 No *Naiad*, *Driad*, no nor *Cupids* mother,
 In lovelinesse, compare with her may have.
 Nature her made in *Venus* mould to fit,
 Amending now, what shee did then omit.

LVCILLA HER Description.

Even such she was: Her haire gold wyre unwynd
 Resemble right, which carelesly shee hung
 In Greene silke-lace, with silver wrought, consynd
 Over her shoulders: but her face no tongue
 Can give the due: her brow is *Cupids* throne,
 Where hee, vnscene, delights to sit alone.

Her eyes like sparkling starres in frostie night,
 Her nose even such as lovely *Leda* had,
 Her partie-coloured cheekes, grac't with delight,
 Like Lillies mixt, with Rose, in Crymson clad.
 Her lips sweet Rubie-red, box-like inclose
 Her pearle-like teeth, till shee to smile dispose.

Her breasts as white as those two Swannes which drag
Venus by coach, to *Paphos* lovely hold,
 Her hands like hers, *Achilles* weath fore-saw,
 Yet could not brooke the touch of water cold,
 For though shee dipt the boy the flood beneath,
 His heele kept dry, which was in end his death.

CALANTHROP

*Her feet like Thetis which none can remarke,
The print therof, even where she newly walkt,
Her pace like Iuno's, when in Ida parke
With Pallas, and the Queene of Lowe, she talkt.
In fine, her better Nature never wrought,
Her shape can hardly be conceiv'd by thought.*

THis rare admir'd sole quintessence of kinde,
With all her maids, were now come to a place,
Hard by the sea, where as they vse, they finde
Their Bark and Boat-men waiting, but their pace
Hath been so swift, that through great heat even there
They'r forc'd sit downe, to breathe and take the aire.

Now *Calanthrop* approaches to be brieft,
For *Cupid* wounded vnawares his heart,
Hefees their aime, and sees it to his griefe,
He findes their Barke: this aggravates his smart.
Yet at the Boat-men doth hee now enquire,
If they'l transport him, and receiue his hire.

Whereto they answer, Good sir, please you heare,
This Barke belongs vnto the loveliest Dame
That this day liues: who now belike is neare
Vnto this place, and wee her servants came
Her to attend: els willingly we would
Receiue you sir, if any way we could.

My friends (sayd hee) tell me where is your course
If so in friendship I intreat you may:
For it is like that by a brieft discourse
You giue content, and I be pleas'd to stay,
In court'sie sir, so much will wee you show,
To yonder land lyes opposite we goe.

There comes the Lady, so if you acquire
Her owne consent, without reproach wee can
Yeild you content: so lest the time expire,
Put forth your sute: for bee assur'd no man
Shall you refuse, to transport without wage,
For you're but one, and yonder comes a Page.

AND LUCILLA.

This Page delivers him two letters sent
By some his friends, which doth import great haste,
Yet 'tis too late: for now his heart was lent
Elsewhere: for his affections all were plac't
In faire *Lucilla*, who her Barke stands by,
And now to enter doth herselfe apply.

Whilst Boat-men strue to make their Barke cohere
To land: for their faire Ladies greater ease,
A maid comes running, with exceeding feare,
And to her Lady thus spake, Madame please,
I've seene a man, or Incubus belike,
And as she spake, her breast with hand did strike.

Looke how a maid confynd in narrow way,
'Mongst steepe rockes, finding a Dragon sleep,
How tim'rously shee'l stand: yet no delay
Her frighted heart can brooke, for now to weepe
Doth nought availe: right so with feare now fild,
Shee ran away, as though shee thought be kild.

But now the Mar'ners to relate begin
Vnto *Lucilla*, how a brave youth fought
By them to haue transport her Barke within,
Take what they pleas'd for hire, he cared nought,
A Gallant braue, a stranger we him thinke,
Loe yonder comes he' longst the river brinke.

Now *Calanthrop* a thousand wayes is vext,
Strange cogitations doe him so turmoyle,
He cannot stay, to goe he is perplext,
Lest through presumption he receiue the foyle.
But, goe he must, how ere she him repute,
Loue so commands, thus doth he her salute.

FAirest on earth, wil't please you to allow
Me who's a stranger for to haue transport
Into your comp'nie, I solemnly vow,
If you be pleas'd to grace me in such sort,
In your defence, command so when you list,
I'll hazard life, and if I dye, I'me blest.

CALANTHROP

For know, deare Lady, my adoes are great,
Even such wherein consist my blisse or baile,
So, if I stay, the *Destinies* doe threat
Me with such death, as makes my heart to quaille,
Even such a death, that whilst I liue, I'le dye,
And though I death desire, death will me flye.

Therefore sweete *Nymph*, since I haue told you plaine,
Beatifie me, by your generous grant,
So shall I still your seruant true remaine,
Whereof with credite I may iustly vaunt,
For such a Mistresse hath no mortall wight,
Gainst *Mars* himselte, I dare maintaine by fight,

Lucilla, all this while attentively
Remarkt his speech, and felt she knew not what,
A more intire respect then vsually
She heretofore to any bore, whereat
Aggriev'd, her selfe of fondnesse doth reprove,
For she as yet ne're felt the force of love.

Yet this respect she caries to the youth,
I hope, anone, shall purchase him his fraught,
Now the sweet Organ of her lovely mouth,
Vtters such words, as might haue *Merc'rie* taught:
Which words, from out Loves lethagrie, awake
Young *Calanthrop*: for thus to him she spake.

Such titles sir, I you intreat, reserve
As you give me, for some of more desert,
For, through selfe-loue, many from honour swerve,
As those report in Nature most expert,
And if ambition once the heart subdue,
Honour, wit, vertue, bid that heart adiew.

It may be Sir, that you repute this strange,
That vnderferved, many will assume
Prerogatives: and badly doe exchange
Vertue with vice, such is ambitions fume:
Those late repentance, make their plumes decline,
Yet they ne're strive their humours to refine.

AND LUCILLA.

Let this suffice then, now as to your suite
Sir, you shall know, that we vse not permit
Men in our comp'nie, lest through scand'lous bruit
Our spotlesse names in question come, but yet
Those Mar'ners you perhaps esteeme as men,
Yet are they Eunuchs, though in number ten.

But lest your losse through our default accresse,
And we prove guiltie of your overthrow,
We will for this time, our strict vse repress,
And for your weale, our hazard vndergoe,
Since you're a stranger, then in charitie,
We should you aid, if we may lawfully.

For this, *Calanthrop* renders thousand thanks,
And on his knee offers her hand to kisse,
Which she refus'd: now each in their own ranks
Goe boord the Barke: but ô what ioy by this
Doth *Calanthrop* conceive! & now their saile
They hoise, for why, they have a prosperous gale.

Now, being imbarkt, *Neptune* begins to ioy
That he hath gaind which he of late was rest,
No wrinkling wave vpon his brow t'annoy
Them now is seen: no swelling surge is left
Vpon the *Oceans* face, but like to balme
The seas appeare now, through a pleasant calme.

Lucilla now the stranger plac't hard by
Herselfe: and seeing he so silent sate,
Smiling, began she to enquire him why
He lookt so sad, or what he cogitate.
Whilst he so sate into a silent muse,
Whereat asham'd, himselte doth thus excuse.

Adam, by nature I'me melancholy,
Yet doe I think by casual accident,
This humour much more is infus'd in me,
Which if I could, I gladly would prevent;
But so it is, I'me forc't to taste the soure
And bittet sap, whilst others smell the flour.

CALANTHROP

For know deare sweet, the *Fates* doe so ordaine,
Whilst others ioy, that I in woe must waile,
The blinde-borne Archers shaft, I entertaine
My heart within : this makes me looke so pale,
And which is worse, with griefe I pine and mourne,
She lovelesse lives, mids *Cupids* flames I burne.

And yet in truth, thus farre I must confesse,
I silent grieue, for such I never shew
To her directly, neither did adresse
My selfe to sute such, for I thought I knew
Already, that I labour would in vaine,
And poure forth plaints to one would me disdaine,

Yet since I see that silence will redound
To my great losse, likewise in such a case,
It is not requisite, lest I confound
My selfe, and so my fortunes all intrace
In grizely lab'rynth of pale-looking woe,
I'll speake in time, heavens aid me thereinto.

The Mar'ners all this time were sleeping nere,
And glad to rest, for they out-waked were.
Lucilla's maids apply'd themselues to heare
The Page discourse, no longer time deferre
Would *Calanthrop*, but since the time so serves,
Proceedes : yet trembling feare possesse his nerves.

For he was feard the Mar'ners might awake,
Or that the maides might to his speech advert,
Helikewise feard *Lucilla* faire might take
Exception by his words, and so insert
His name and hopes in scrolles of pale reiect,
Yet he resolues, this speech to her direct.

THrice fairer then the fairest that doth breath,
Or trampe downe *Tellus* by their harmlesse foote,
More worth to me then life, do not in wrath
This as presumption vnto me impute,
That I, sore loue-sick, must thy pittie crave,
For thou it's onely must me kill or save,

Thou

AND LUCILLA.

Thou, whose *Idea* in my heart is fixt
So firmly, that no death can it remoue,
Let thy great beautie be with mercie mixt,
Pittie is cal'd the ornament of loue.
Pittie those shrowds, disdaine would whip with roddes,
It's pittie onely, makes vs like to goddes.

Sweet lovely faire, please you remember right,
When I of you my transport did obtaine,
I told you that my stay would marre my spright,
And through transport I should lost ioy regaine:
So true it is, for since you shew such grace,
You gave me life by looking in your face.

For such like matter I ne're thought vpon,
As of transport, but glad was to conceale
My love, vntill such time as there was none
Hard by, to heare what I to you reveale:
For since, sweete loue, I saw you in the wood,
I still esteem'd you my sole earthly good.

Even then when you did richly benefite
The colding spring, with touch of your faire hide,
The fountaine bathe within, for to repeat
What ioy the whole spectators were beside
Did then conceive, would scarcely purchase trust,
But as for me, appeare no way I durst.

For whilst I on the fountaine statues gaz'd,
You marcht so swift with all your lovely bond,
That I, by such great beauties much amaz'd,
Into a bush, hard by, my selfe abscond,
And all the while you did the bathe inure,
I silent sat with small content I'me sure.

Cause I *Diana* absolute esteem'd
You : for such beautie humanes not possesse,
As you enioy : so wisht I be excec'm'd
From such like comp'nie : lest that such distresse
Might me befall, as him who wore *Harts* horne
First on his head, then by his dogges was torne,

But

CALANTHROP

But when I saw that dangers all were past,
And that you were a humane creature,
When you were gone, I follow'd after fast,
Loves fierie faggots so my heart combure,
Such bait gave *Cupid* on a guilded hooke,
I could not stay till I you over-tooke.

So now, sweet heart, since opportunitie
Hath made me fort' nate, granting me such time,
My loue t' impart to your selfe privatly
Grant me your favour, that amidst the prime
Of my yong yeares, I may more ioy conceive,
Then *Nestor* old in all his life did have.

In thy sweet selfe my spotlesse loue's ingraft,
In thee is plac't my ioyes, and whole content,
Let not disdain by his fastidious craft,
Frustrate my hopes, nor yet my ioyes prevent.
For Nat'ralists this maxime oft observes,
A lovely face grace in the heart conserues.

That Oracle which *Delphos* did containe,
Sometime, I hope, was held in such respect,
That many did through great expence and paine,
Obtaine response, whercon they did erect
All their attempts: so *Calanthrop* now prayes,
Her answer might gree with his hopes alwayes.

Looke how a man for capitall offence,
Being arraign'd, a iurie doth sustaine,
How pale-fac'd feare his heart holds in suspense,
Till from the Iudge his sentence hee attaine
Of death or life: even so doth hee expect
Her answer, which will worke the like effect.

But now *Lucilla* for to solve the doubt,
Which at this time yong *Calanthrop* surpriz'd,
Lifting her eyes, and looking all about,
She lookt on him, which looke might have intys'de
The coldest minded Saturnist had breath,
To loue: and thus her answer did bequeath.

AND LUCILLA.

Good Sir, I marvell you should so advance
Fond loue so farre, since wise men him deride
Whose power's onely foolish hearts t'intrance:
Must they not stray, who haue a blinded guide.
Where *Cupid* reignes, the sence hee deludes soone,
Making them see strange visions in the moone.

Some do report the Gods did once conueene,
A Parliament touching prerogatives,
Then of Ambition Envie hatcht hath beene,
Cupid and *Folly* at debate, shee drives
Him back, scratcht out his eyes hee might not see,
Therefore appointed was his guide to be.

Since so it is, good Sir, let me intreate
You to renounce such guides as be those two,
For though the heart with ioy bee full repleate
At first by them, yet in the end comes woe,
A prudent minde in vertue exercysde
Within Loves limits feldome is comprysde.

And as for me, fond *Venus* and her boy
I scorne, and doe their Deitie still detest,
To talk of loue, I think it but a toy,
Lymphatick hearts he onely may molest,
Let such adore him, and admire his power,
The higher is their flight, their fall's the lower.

So now shee calls her maids, and bids them goe
Awake the Mar'ners, for she sees the shore
Is neere hand by them, likewise there is moe
Billowes appeare, nor was scene heretofore.
The mar'ners rise, they tackle, veere and tye,
They gaine the land, so *Neptune* they desye.

Her coach is waiting her approach: so now
She and her maids incoach themselves with speed,
They bid farewell to *Calanthrop*, and bow
Themselues in coach: his grieve doth now exceed
All mens on earth: yea, it may haue compare
To those who in the *Stygian* shades repaire.

CALANTHROP

Not *Sisyphus*, who roules the restlesse stone,
Nor *Ixion*, who turnes the toylsome wheele,
Such grieve possesse as he: since she is gone,
Whose beauteous presence was his lasties seale,
Nor *Beliles*, who midst infernall fire,
To fill still emptying buckets, doe desire.

No nor *Promethews*, for his heaven-fire stealth,
By vultures torne alive, midst fierie flame,
Nor *Midas* King, whose cov'tous heart such wealth
Requir'd, as thereby lost both fence and frame,
No greater grieve doth any of those trye,
Disdaine yeelds heate his harmlesse heart doth frye.

Still starving *Tantalus*, to quench his thirst,
Standing in water, water craves to drinke,
To pull the flying fruite, he doth insist,
The fruit eschew, the waters from him shrinke,
His babling tongue iustly his paine procur'd,
But *Calanthrop* is guiltlesly iniur'd.

While *Calanthrop* with grief was thus or'e-swaide
His Page suggesteth, that it were the best
To give the Mar'ners coine, who as yet staide,
Belike, expecting some: the which request
He soone fulfilld, bidding him giue a crowne
To each of them, wherat the Page did frowne.

Yet ne'rethelesse he must this charge obey,
Therefore he went and cald them for to row
Their ships boat, which they did without delay,
On each of ten a crowne he did bestow.
They yeeld him thanks, requesting him in end,
Their service to his master recommend.

He said he would, then to a wood hard by
Directs his course, which way his master went,
When he had walkt a while, he saw him lye
Mongst lostie Pynes, famous for high ascent,
Calanthrop bids him with what hast he might
Some where about provide their Innes that night.

AND LUCILLA.

As he directs, the Page away doth passe,
Yet knew not where this Innes hee should provide
At last by chance hee meetes a cuntry Lasse,
Who shew him that the way longest the wood side
Was best for him: for by yond flowrie spring,
Hee'l finde a way to citie will him bring.

Even this same time doth *Calanthrop* bewaile
His hard mishaps the *Destenies* decree,
Even thus I see such *Fortune's* favours fraile,
What gain'd by month, doth in a moment flee.
(O happy I) if I had never prov'd
The sad effects, affection hath mov'd.

So you sweet Cedars, and you high-rear'd Pines,
I you intreat subvbrate me by shade,
From mortall eyes, lest spitefull worldlings mindes
In ioy triumph, to see my successe bad.
No, let the earth alive my corpes interre,
Rather then *Fortune*, thus my ioyes deferre.

Whilst *Calanthrop* through grieve bereft of sense,
Thus tumbles, tosses, welters here and there,
He sees a man, now for his best defence
He seekes his sword, yet found he it no where.
The man salutes him in this courteous forme,
Which wrought in him a calm after this storm.

Good gentleman, please you, came there this way
Of late some Huntsmen, chasing of a Deere?
Or did you heare the shrill-mouth'd hounds, at bay
With fearlessse Boare, or with the crushing Beare?
For from a thicket distant scarce a mile,
Wee rouz'd a Beare, whom we try to exile.

This hurtfull Beare doth much vnlookt for harme,
In killing men and women, children weake,
His bad embracement rais'd a sad alarme
Into a neighb'ring Castle, by a Lake.
Lowring he lies mongst brambles, briars and bushes,
Waiting his prey: which got, he teares and crushes.

Misfortune

CALANTHROP

Misfortune great, a youth some twelue yeares old,
A Cousin to *Lucilla* (beauteous creature)
This proper youth (aye me) lesse wise then bold,
Belov'd of all, and of a comely feature,

One day would needs himselfe, by times solace,
With horse & hounds to keep the Beare in chase.

But he a little from his comp'nie singled,
The Div'lish beast perceiving him alone,
Despaire with chol'rick furie intermingled
Begot in him revenge, so that anone,
Running amaine, he puld the youth at vnder,
Then (vnresisted) tore his ioynts asunder.

And ever since the Duke with many knights,
Try by all meanes, this cruell beast to kill,
Or else expell, but hee almost affrights
All his pursuers: for his lookes doe fill
Their hearts with fear, that they encounter dare
No way, but glad to view the chase a farre.

But yet the Duke appointed hath a day,
And letters sent to all his bordering mates,
Them in his aid, requesting to assay
Their valorous force, so men of all estates,
Are lookt for here, gainst Tuesday next at morn,
To chase the Beare with horse, with hound, with horne.

This present day, some gallants brave to try,
Which was the place of his foule residence,
Came to this Forrest, and of late went by
To yonder grove, disturb'd his patience,
Rous'd the foule monster from his loathsome cave,
Like Martialists, to rob his life they crave.

And since that I am in those woods acquaint,
For long time I thereof haue keeper been,
They my advice requir'd e're they attaint
This enterprize: but now I have not seene
Nor heard of them this houre agoe and more,
And this makes me inquisitive therefore.

AND LUCILLA.

In truth good friend (quoth *Calanthrop*) be sure
If I had seen such, I would likewise goe
And trye the sport: for it should much allure
The hearts of yong men, to be baited so,
Therefore let me intreat you to repose
Your selfe beside me, and that tale disclose.

Touching the Duke, and that same youth was kild,
The faire *Lucilla* likewise would I know,
And where she lives, that so the earth hath filld.
With strange reports, for oft-times many moe
Then you, haue told me of this Ladies favour,
But still I thought their speech did amply favour

I cannot think her such as they report,
Or that her beautie can so farre excell
All other womens: so I you exhort,
Let your relation beare a trustfull smell,
For truth to heavens with sacred wings doth flye,
While heaven and earth abhorre still those who lye.

Beleeve me Sir, I'me glad that yee haue told
Me such good tale, for now I well perceive
You doe desire that I the truth vnfold,
The which discourse most truely you shall haue:
For I shall you acquaint with all the state,
So now give care whilst I the same relate.

THE FORRESTER HIS RELATION.

Long after that the val'rous Greeks had level'd with the ground
The stately walles of Ilium, & Priams race confound,
For rapt of Menelaus wife, even then of happy Greece,
The Diadem was rightly swayd, the scepter rul'd in peace,
By Princes of its Provinces, who all as in one minde
Most vertuously for publick weale, aptly themselves combynd.

CALANTHROP

*This time Thessalia's peacefull reigne, made pleasant Tempe smile:
 Two-topt Parnassus and Helicon, the Muses haunt this while.
 The spring was wrought by Pegasus the winged horse his hove,
 Those thrice three sisters sacred selves were knowne about to move.
 The Nymphs with fair dishevel'd haire, then tript the flowrie meads,
 The harmles flocks through Vales & dales, & mountains fastly feeds.
 The skipping Satyrs midst the groves, longest silver brooks did play,
 The countrey maids in rurall games to gaine the praise essay.
 Even then did prudent Philagath over Thessalia reigne,
 A man whom Fates and Fortune both, more favourd than a king.
 For by his birth he honoured was, through royall right descent,
 Of many Kings of Thessaly, as histories comment.
 His grandour purchast great respect, his iustice made men feare,
 His clemencie made him belov'd, of all his name did heare.
 And Nature in succession would him also happy make,
 In giving him a sonne which should (when as he pleas'd for sake)
 The Scepter, rule in fathers stead, his countries all defend
 From forraigne force, if any to invade the same intend.
 A comely girle he also had, who as shee grew in yeares,
 Her beautie then not paraleld, more lovely still appeares.
 Her beautie great, fame blaz'd abroad, in regions round about,
 Yea, it I thinke, was published, almost the world throughout.
 So from all countries suiters did, to Thessaly resort,
 Where they themselves might recreate in each desired sport.
 But all their aimes was to attaine, the Ladies wisht consent,
 Yet all in vaine, for still they did returne most malcontent.
 Yet at the last, as Fortune would not haue her dye a maide,
 The Duke of rich Calabria himselfe there soone condayde,
 And in short time such successe had, as he acquir'd her loue
 In honest forme, and so they matcht, which afterwards did prove
 To both their goods and hearts content, for in a twelvemonths space
 She bore to him a gallant girle, which had an Angels face.
 This girle was nam'd Lucilla faire, as iustly she may bee,
 The fairest Lady now alive, in right most plentifullie
 With rarest gifts, and graces good, that mortals doe enioy,
 The Gods likewise in one assent, still shield her from annoy.
 But now the Duke her father did, conceive so great delight,
 In his new match, and daughter faire, he ev'ry day or night,
 Esteem'd a yeare till he return'd with this his beauteous prize,
 Towards his countrey, for all Greece, his successe did despise.*

AND LUCILLA.

*So he tooke leave of Philagath, the King of Thessaly,
 Then homewards hasted with his wife, and all his companie:
 At home he led a ioyfull life, sequestrate from all care,
 Till envious Fortune griev'd thereat, intraged through despaire,
 Would make him taste the bitter gall, of her satyrick frowne,
 And make him know the sun-shine of her favours, were ore-blowne.
 Not fully liv'd he sixe yeares space, with his beloved wife, (life.
 When Philagath through sicknes great, was thought should loose his
 Those newes, I thinke, bad musick sound, into the Dutchesse eare,
 Now were her senses all apal'd, by sudaine pale-fac't feare.
 Yet she resolves to visite him, as she in dutie should,
 The Duke doth strive her to dissuade, but yet no way hee could.
 Away she goes for Thessaly, with all her lovely traine
 Of gallant Knights, and Ladies faire, she hastes ore hill & plain.
 Through diligence she doth attaine, her wished iourneyes end,
 Even as some wearie Pilgrime doth, who feeble foot-steps spend
 In superstitious pilgrimage, before some kinsmans death:
 Right so she hastes, as though shee could, preserve her fathers breath.
 But so it is, death doth prevent, too oft what we desire,
 And our moist nature doth combure, with flames of fatall fire.
 For ere the Dutchesse could attaine, her loving fathers sight,
 Remorselesse Death (Unwelcome guest) forc't him forgoe his sp' right.
 Then with great shonts she pierced oft the azur'd welkin faire,
 And clouds with echoes did resound, her plaints throgh emptie aire
 Yet forc't she must haue patience, mournings doe nought availe,
 For Death with equall pace, both Prince, & poore-man doth asaille.
 So she, with grieve, her last leaue takes, of Thessaly with teares,
 And her owne brothers eldest sonne, along with her she beares.
 Home to her owne Calabria (hee & her comp'nie goe,
 From their sad harts the speech-like groanes still seem'd to utter woe
 Thorow Epyrus lay their way, where they one night did rest.
 But, on the morrow, Phcebus beames them scorchingly opprest.
 So that vnto a wood they seek, to taste some cooling shade,
 A forrest faire they found hardby, wherof they all were glad.
 With speedie pace they thither went, but better they had staid.
 For they had not long sojourn'd there, when they were all afraid.
 The Savages those woods did haunt, them furiously assault,
 The knights again, with murdring swords, sharply correct that fault.
 In little space those wild men were, forc't to a sad retreat,
 Some kild, some fled, some howlingly, bad successes repeat.*

CALANTHROP

The Dutchesse glad of victory, intends now to depart,
 Yet e're she goe, she must endure, inevitable smart.
 For as the Knights the Dutchesse sought, unto her coach to bring,
 A monstrous Scorpion lurkt hard by, her pittionally did sting,
 Then to the hold returns againe, a foot-groome it prevent,
 And with a Sable it divides, so frustrates its intent,
 The Dutchesse Surgeon by his balme, and vnguent tries his skill,
 His Teriack nor his Mithridate, cannot the venome kill,
 His antipoysons have no force, no nor his Sipers oyle,
 Doe what he can, the venome strong, the Lady's like to spoyle.
 Her grievous pain doth stil increase, her wound grows worse & worse
 No cordiall nor no cataplasme, against the sting have force,
 With sad and wofull hearts her guard, doe carie her along,
 Gainst Fates & Fortune they exclaime for this opprobrious wrong,
 If poysonous heat made her a thirst, or did the heavens ordaine,
 Her present ayd, no man can tell, but she could not sustaine
 Such thirst: therefore she cald a groome, and bids him goe and finde
 Some colding spring, that she might ease her hart, with heat was pynd
 He goes and findes a purling brooke, then quickly turnes againe,
 Thercof she drinks, and still she thinks, the lesser growes her paine.
 Now from her coach she doth dismount, (o admirable thing)
 The paine and poyson both decrease, by drinking of the spring.
 Her knights and guard goe both apart, her Ladies bathe her wound,
 Throgh bathing with the helthful spring the Dutchesse is made sound.
 With humble & with thankfull hearts they praise the gods therefore,
 Who did so soone mirac' lously, their Ladies health restore.
 Then to a village bordring neere, she and her comp'nie went,
 But e're they could the same approach, the day was nere hand spent.
 For midst the way they find a man, whose cloathes were old & worn,
 He seem'd to be of poore estate, & yet by countrey-borne,
 The Dutchesse askd him, how they cald this countrey, & the wood,
 And how they cald the happy spring, that yeelded her such good.
 This countrey is Epyrus cald (quoth hee) where we are plac't,
 Hazardfull Forrests of Epyre be those, you lately tract,
 The brook is cald the healthfull spring, through Greccia flies its fame,
 Of each of those (faire Ladie know) this is the proper name.
 Those Forrests be cald hazardfull, cause many one of old
 And likewise now, strange accidents in them finde manifold.
 The brooke is cald the healthfull spring, as well it may indeed,
 Gainst poyson, venome-taking force, a so veraigne try'd remedde.

The

AND LUCILLA.

The man takes leave, they forward went, unto the Village right,
 Next morning on their iourney goe, how soone the day was light.
 Then in few dayes to this her home, the Dutchesse quickly came,
 This countrey her Calabria, it is the very same.
 What then it was, so is it now, not subiect to decay,
 No forraine force, nor homebred iarres, its indwellers dismay.
 When that the Dutchesse liv'd here home, a while with easeful mind
 And former sorrowes all were past, as loath to prove vnkinde.
 She caused skild Artificers, erect (to her great charge)
 Of marble black, & Alabast, a fountaine high & large.
 Like to a stately Pyramis, the healthfull spring above,
 Lest any of ingratitude, her iustly might reprove.
 In memorie of benefite she once did there receive,
 Expert Mechanicks shee causd search, could rightly cut and grave.
 Throgh dext'rous cunning these adorn'd the happy healthful fount,
 With Emblemes fram'd of Alabast, and marble of the mount.
 Of yeares, two lusters scarce were spent, after this work was done,
 When she citations had from death, so had her brothers sonne.
 The Dutchesse did the gods implore, that they the youth would spare
 And pittie him of tender yeares, and expectation rare.
 Thessalia's hope, his mothers ioy, sole comfort of his Syre,
 For doubtlesly if now he dy'd, their lives would then expyre.
 As for her selfe she was resolv'd, Deaths message to obey,
 And that ne're-yet remitted debt, she's willing to repay.
 It seem'd the gods did grant her suite, the boy did convalesse,
 But she (sweet Lady) found deaths force, her vitall spirits distresse.
 Then cald she for her love, & Lord, whose groanes proclaim'd his
 And for her lasse Lucilla fair, in whom true beauty lives. (grieves
 Deare Lord & loue (quoth she) I finde that we must parted bee,
 The loyall love I to thee beare, doth make me loath to dye.
 Heavens, Fates, & Death, doe all decree, my glasse of life bee runne,
 And Atropos now cuts the threed which Lachesis once spun.
 So hence I must (o deare sweete love) I pray thee doe not weepe,
 For sure my sp'rite midst highest heavens, the sacred gods will keepe.
 Lucilla deare, thy mothers ioy, come to thy dying Dame,
 As Heavens & Nature thee inricht with beauties bravest frame,
 Heavens grant that thou doe vse it well, to thy immortal praise,
 Live chastly, yet selfe-loue abhorre, pride breeds contempt alwayes.
 This one thing doe I thee intreate, in memorie of me,
 Goe thrice a yeare & view the spring thy mother did supplie.

When

CALANTHROP

When physicke, nor no simples could, the Venome strong expell,
 The water of the healthfull spring, in power did precell.
 Therefore three times a yeare doe view, that spring by consuetude,
 And mither-like (what beasts detests) abhorre ingratitude.
 Thus said, her happy sp'rite she yeelds, which to eternall ioy
 Numberles numbers powers diuine, invisibly convoy.
 Her funerals once solemniz'd, then doth Lucilla faire,
 In sable robes of mourning black, with maids so clad, prepare
 To goe and view the healthfull spring, and there bewaile her losse,
 And mothers death, whose memorie, giues her continuall crosse.
 Since she is thus determined, her father likewise send
 Shadowes of men (Eunuches I meane) as guardians her t' attend.
 Those likewise serue as mariners, to rule her bark by sea,
 Accompanied by those, and mayds, she doth continually
 Thrice yearly goe and view that spring, a day or two they mourne,
 Their regrates being finished, againe they here returne.
 Her father, though he haue no sonne, for to succeed his place,
 Loves her so well, hee will not wed againe in any case.
 Yet though he loue her, he ore-lookes her with a prying eye,
 Lone hatcheth care, which care begets respectiue Iealousie.
 The iealous Syre of daughters good, doth make her liue retyrd,
 For which himselfe of strangers is, ridic' lously admyrd.
 Lucilla, since her mother dy'd, is forc't to liue apart
 From company of anyman, which sure must grieve her heart.
 For saue those Eunuchs, & those maids, who serue her night & day,
 And her own Syre, the aged Duke, none else approach her may.
 Many a Prince, and gallant Knight, doe her in marriage craue,
 But through her fathers perswasues, she none at all will haue.
 And for to try to speake herselfe, it's folly, there's no meane
 She is so warelie lookt vnto, none can such good attaine.
 This aged Duke, and his faire Lasse, dwell neere within fixe mile,
 Where they in diuers sports delight, to posting time beguile.
 A castle situate by a lake, in it doe they abide,
 From thence they see both woods & meads, & ships at anchor ride.
 Even from this Castle of the Dukes, about a fourthnight since,
 In companie of other knights, went the Thessalian Prince,
 Betimes they rise, and winde their hornes, not fearing any foe,
 Through desert woods, & vnkowne paths, they all a hunting goe.
 But whilst the rest their horses mount, the Prince his horse refuses,
 Him to receiue, yet would the youth, admit no such excus's.

Twice

AND LUCILLA.

Twice more then thrice the horse would not, permit the Prince him
 Prodigious presage which forebushes the riders speedy wrack. (back,
 Hard by the lake there haunts a Beare, a monster for a beast,
 Who by the space of thirtie yeares, those woods did haunt at least.
 This beast amongst brakes & pricklie thornes, all day still lurking lay,
 And when dark night black mantle spred, then went to seek his pray.
 The night preceeding he had straid, abroad to seek his food, (blood.
 His late tract steps (though not by sent) might well bee knowne by
 There did the hounds, by fatal chance, finde out the recent sent.
 With librall mouths against the clouds, their voice they largely spent
 This quick approach soon rousde the Beare from out his lothed hold,
 The hounds giue challenge, he againe, giues them encounter bold.
 Now huntsmen came, whereat the hounds with courage fresh begin
 A new pursute, yet none so bold, as once to tooth his skin.
 The knights with darts the Beare so wound, that void of all remorse
 This desprate beast (afflicted thus) the yong Prince did vnhorse.
 Their darts are spent, no shot they haue, so all their helpe is vaine,
 Maugre them all, before their eyes, Thessalia's Prince is slaine.
 A steepie rock containes a cave, the Beare long vsd before,
 Thither went he (with dogges convoy) of him they saw no more.
 Huntsmen with sad and sorie hearts, their cloathes they all to rent,
 Home with the corps they sadly move, this hunting they repent.
 But when the Duke this obiect saw (a wofull one indeed)
 He and Lucilla all the rest, in sorrow did exceed,
 Helpelesse is their excessive grieve, though nat' rall bee their mone,
 Nature to life can nere restore, whom death hath once vndone.
 But yet the Duke makes narrow search to guerdon the offender,
 And still the Beare for this his paines, bad thanks again doth render.
 For whom the beast conueens withall, may hee preuaile with rage,
 Them makes he smart, without respect, of person, sexe, or age.
 So this abuse hath causd the Duke, stil hoping for amends,
 Him to assist to kill the Beare, intreat his neighbouring friends.
 And as I shew you we expect them next ensuing weeke.
 So this is all concerning this, I know, or yet can speake.
 Yet this I'me sure, some gallants will fearlesly try their strength,
 And for their loues couragiously abbreviate the length
 Of their strong launce, into the Beare, if they may him conueene,
 Not caring for his crush, or bite, his choler, rage, or spleene.
 But now me thinks I heare a horne, therefore must I bee gone,
 So, pray you sir, a pardon me, for leaving you alone.

CALANTHROP

*Farewell my friend, quoth Calanthrop, good successe still enioy,
I shall not stay here long alone, for yonder comes my boy,
This rare Discourse of yours, hath me affoorded such content,
That if hereafter we conueene, you's thinke this time well spent.*

THE Forrester thus gone, now comes the Lad,
And tells his master that he had prepar'd
An Inne: but (quoth he) I good fortune had,
Elsemongst those woods I doubtlesse had been snar'd,
A wench I found, which did direct mee right,
The gainest way vnto the Cities sight.

A stately Citie it appears to me,
A goodly Inne, where you may be well cas'd,
The merriest man that ever I did see,
Is that your Hoast, Sir if you so be pleas'd.
Wel grounded walls, high, large, & passing strong
The Citie guard from iniurie or wrong,

Many braue Knights perambulate the streete,
Who come to hunt, as Citizens report,
Some rav'nous beast, who badly doth intreat
The countrey people: so that to be short,
Each man provides him horse, and hounds, and lance,
Against the hunts, his honour to advance.

By this discourse now *Calanthrop* did finde
That all was true the Forrester disclos'd,
Still doth the Page, according to his minde,
Solve all demands his master him propos'd.
Now came they to the Cities Easterne wall,
Found patent gates, such fortune did befall.

Then went they to their Inne the ready way,
They syp't, and then betooke them to their rest,
Next morning early, by the breake of day,
Calanthrop cald his Page, to him exprest
Some part his mind, gives crowns, & bids him goe
Buy horse and lance, apparrell black also.

AND LVCILLA.

The Page did shortly his desire fulfill,
Return'd and shew him all that he had done,
Each thing contented him so to his will,
Next morning he intends for to be gone,
And view the hunts, the Duke and Knights condigne,
For hunting sport that day did all assigne.

When day appear'd, each man to palace sought,
The Duke t'attend, yet *Calanthrop* abode
Still with his hoast, till all were gone, then thought
He best to goe: so to the wood he rode,
His courteous hoast did him such favour yeild,
As to conduct him to the hunting field.

But e're they came, the game was well begun
So they retyr'd, expecting the event,
Vnto a shade, bright *Phœbus* beames to shun,
Now doth the Beare boldly himselve present,
He (fearlesse beast) 'ginnes such encounter give,
His tuskes and pawes both hounds and huntmen grieve.

At this the Knights seeme all to be asham'd,
To kill the Beare they all at once conspire,
But this designe is worthy to be blam'd,
He who intends true honour to acqyre,
His foe with equall number should assaile,
Then merits praise, if he doe so prevaile.

Yet notwithstanding of their multitude,
The Beare perswades them to a sham'd reite,
Many brave Knight he of their armes denude,
Which sight did val'rous *Calanthrop* incite,
For seeing how each Knight did court'ie straine
Who first should try himselve, the Beare againe.

Heroick hee, impatient of delay,
On his black Courser, from the thicket rushes,
The beast inrag'd, him meetes in middle way,
In his thicke hide the lance in peeces crushes,
Yet for all that, meane while the Knight dismounts,
The Beare a trick him taught next time he hunts.

CALANTHROP

For ere the Knight could well vnſheath his ſword,
The Beare him wounds a little on the arme,
But now the gallant quickly him affoord
Duerecompence for his intended harme,
Floriſht his ſword aloft, then with a thruſt,
He mindes to puniſh crueltie vniuſt.

The beaſt perceives his aime, in this hard caſe,
By ſhift of body doth the thruſt avoyd,
And for this kindneſſe offers him t' embrace,
The Knight could not ſuch demonstrations bide:
But ſenſibly he made the Beare to know
Come was the time, he muſt his life forgoe.

With ore-thwart ſtroke bravely the Knight divides
The Beares left legge, largely two yards and more
Full from the other: Intrals through his ſides
Fall out amaine: now in his bloody goare
The beaſt lies kild by *Calanthrops* brave hand,
Whereat amaz'd the whole ſpectators ſtand.

Calanthrop quickly now remounts his Steed,
Haſtes to the place where he had left his hoaſt,
The Duke and Knights admire this noble deed,
Though none of them thereof may iuſtly boaſt,
Therefore the Duke ſends to requeſt the Knight
To come receive the honour of the fight.

But *Calanthrop* not willing bee cognof, ſt,
Himſelfe before the meſſage came, abſented,
Such loue-ſiek thoughts his minde ſo ever croſt,
That ſinothred groanes his hearthad almoſt rented.
Yet fore't content he beares moſt patientlie,
To Citie went his Hoaſt, his Page, and hee.

Where we muſt leaue them for a little ſpace,
To ſhew you what content the Duke conceiv'd
By this dayes ſport: but yet the great diſgrace
His Knights had got: iuſtly no pardon crav'd,
Sham'd to confeſſe, yet reaſon them conſtraind
A vnknowne Knight, not they, the honour gain'd.

Moſt

AND LUCILLA.

Moſt glad in heart, the Duke haſtes to his home,
With many Knights, diſcourſing on this ſport,
They all yeeld praiſe to one, they know not whom,
The Beare his death did each of them comfort,
Yet envious ſp'rites ſtill ſecret malice ludge,
At ſtout mens ſucceſſe baſe mindes oft doe grudge.

For the good Duke to glad his gueſts withall,
When he came home, cauſd his faire laſſe be brought
To ſup with them: to minde he then doth call,
The val'rous act one knight that day had wrought,
Then to *Lucilla* told in pleaſant words,
In audience of Knights, Princes, Earles and Lords.

How that an vnknowne Knight the Beare did kill,
For after (quoth he) we had rouz'd the beaſt,
The tim'rous hounds at bay did keepe him ſtill,
Many were hurt, glad to retire, at leaſt
They ſeem'd vnwilling any more to try,
Wherein the Beares defence and ſtrength did lye.

But while as yet each knight with other ſtrove,
Who firſt ſhould dare him to encounter new,
There came a knight from an adiaſcent grove,
His horſe, lance, clothes, were of a pale-black hew,
The Beare in mid-way meets him on the plaines,
As loath to put a ſtranger to great paines.

With an vnformall welcome doth him greet,
Yet on his breaſt the lance doth ſplit aſunder,
But e're the knight on ground could fixe his feet,
The Beare got vp, though he was once at vnder,
Then e're the knight could halfe his ſword vnſheath,
He runnes to him belike, to begge his death.

Which ſuit the knight ſeem'd willing to obey,
For at one ſtroke he did the Beare ſo wound,
The grieve thereof his body did o're-ſway,
Foure-feet thereafter ſet he ne're on ground,
One of his legges the knight quite off did cut,
Then in the ſheath his noble ſword he put.

D

Then

Then on his horse he quickly did returne
To that same grove, from which of late he came,
Thither where we thought he did then sojourn,
I sent three Lords for to enquire his name,
Desiring him to come where we expected,
Him who so had our countries weale protected,

But he was gone before they could attaine
The very grove which we had seene him enter,
Not willing to be knowne, he did preveene,
Their coming: yet his life for vs did venter.
Then since they could not finde him any where,
We all thought best home to this place repaire.

Thus, daughter, haue you heard the very truth
Of our dayes sport, directly as it was
Acted, by that brave magnanimick youth,
Chastiz'd the monster for his vile trespasse:
He, for our safetie, and our publick good,
Life hazard, honour gaind, yet spent his blood.

Sir (quoth *Lucilla*) give me leave to speake,
This act, me thinkes, precels the labours twell
Of that brave worthy martiall minded *Greece*,
Who drag'd three-headed *Cerberus*, from hell,
He that kild *Hector* midst the campe of *Greece*,
Or hee who gaind Ile *Colchis* golden fleece.

When *Hercules* to fetch his wife did goe,
Infernal *Phasma's* made his courage droupe,
Achilles at advantage strooke his foe,
Whilst hee to rob dead *Patroclus* did stoupe,
Medea's magick gain'd the fleece of gold,
For *Iasons* love she fathers thesaure sold.

Likewise the *Argonauts* both last and first
Did aid Duke *Asons* sonne in his pursute,
Oeta's foes did bravely him assist,
Orithia's sonnes to aid them prosecute,
Wing'd *Calais*, and *Zethes* thither flew,
In their returne the *Harpyes* they subdue.

Desire of gaine did *Iason* most intyse,
Necessitie, the other two did move,
For *Herc'les* must forgoe his enterpryse,
Else fight the dogge, *Achilles* too must prove
Himselfe a Coward, if hee misse the stroke,
But no such matter did this knight provoke.

No greed of gaine, nor yet necessitie
Did move this gallant enterprife this deed,
True honour did his minde most qualifie,
Helikewise saw this countrey stood in need
Of speedie ayd, so for our publick weale,
Vnarm'd alone, he did the Beare appeale.

And, praise to *Iove*, hee happy victor prov'd,
Deare father therefore whatsoe're he be,
Of yong and old he ever should be lov'd,
Of rich and poore, of each sexe and degree,
To him erect then, stately Trophies rare,
Who for our safeties would his life not spare.

Though all the min'rals earth containes, were swords,
And all tooke life were men to vse them well,
If *Calanthrop*, I thinke, had heard her words,
(Being so set on top of *Fortunes* wheele)
Hee would gain-stand them all in open plaine,
Though *Hydra*-like they two-fold liv'd againe.

But while *Lucilla* did *Calanthrop* praise,
One *Philotomp* much to her speech adverts,
His name, his naughtie humour still bewrayes,
This knight in heart the Ladies words inserts:
For fretting *Envie*, humour monstrous strange,
Mov'd him, was no way wrong'd, to seeke revenge.

For *Philotomp*, that proud ostentive man,
Made search to know where the knight did remaine,
Fully resolv'd to kill him if hee can,
Naughtie designes are bred in basest braine,
So in dark night he went vnto the Citie,
With heart bent to revenge, and void of pittie.

CALANTHROP

Some say that *Philotomp* right much affected
The faire *Lucilla*, and this was the cause,
He hates the knight, doubting to bee reiected,
His rivall humour could admit no pause,
Lucilla's speech he though had favour kinde,
Towards the knight, which did molest his minde.

Now in the Citie, at the time of rest,
Some knave convayd him to the knight his Inne,
So he and fixe well arm'd with him, addrest
Them to the house: now doth the fight beginne,
Calanthrop and his boy did well asswage
Philotomps choler, and his vniust rage.

Yea *Calanthrop* alone so farre prevaild,
His martiall page defending still his backe,
That in short time those seven who him assaild,
Through his brave hand were brought to sudaine wracke,
Foure of them kild he, two like Cowards fled,
Philotomp captive made, his bloud not shed.

The Burgers hearing the vp-rore, conveene,
And both the parties doe incarcerate,
But yet in Iayle not willing to detaine
Such persons long, lest they extenuate,
Their libertie: therefore they now intend,
Vnto the Duke, to know his will, to send.

Their Messenger doth to the Duke dilate
The very forme of this bad accident,
And how the vnknowne knight his hard estate
Was much bewaild, when he to iayle was sent.
For what he did, was in his owne defence,
But no man knew knight *Philotomps* pretence.

How soone the Duke had heard him to an end,
To horse he went, with many gallant Lord,
Each one to heare, their itching cares did lend,
What the event should be of this discord,
Wishing the Duke might expiate his ire,
Each Lord and knight him humbly did desire.

AND LUCILLA.

But now the Maior and the Burgers meet
The Duke: then to their iustice hall convoy
Him, with great pompe, alongst their Cities street,
Each one was glad his presence to enjoy,
In each adoe, though iustice he preferd,
The tryall he to witnesses referd.

In this adoe there was no need of such,
For *Philotomp* became so penitent,
That he (vnto his shame) confest thus much,
(Requesting them to haste his punishment)
Against all reason, I sought to confound
This knight, which now hath to my shame redound.

Well (quoth the Duke) since thou vniustly sought
To kill this knight, who never did thee wrong,
As he best likes, thou shalt to death bee brought
And suffer torment short, or painfull long.

Calanthrop thank't the Duke right humble,
For this his iust and absolute decree.

But here's the tryall of a generous minde,
Who having power fully to dispose
Of one who sought to kill him, yet could finde
In heart, most freely to remit such foes,
Brave martiall mindes ingenuously forgieue
The penitent, Cowards to death them drive.

So now it prov'd, for *Calanthrop* remits
All the trespasse which *Philotomp* had done,
Likewise intreates the Duke, who Iustice sits,
To liberate th'offender to be gone,
Yet *Philotomp* was sworne, that sword nor knife,
He should not beare, during his loathed life.

Thus then asham'd, he hastes vnto a Barke,
Commits his body to the sea some space,
Bids friends farewell, and then when night grew darke,
He went where *Tryton* rules with forked mace.
Thus was he gone, but no man e're could tell,
What fortune afterward to him befell.

CALANTHROP

And now the Duke intreats the vnknowne knight
To take the paines to goe with him along
Vnto his house, and bee his guest that night,
The which request, more sweet then *Syrens* song
Calanthrop thought: yet seemd hee not doeso,
Most willing hee, vnwilling seemd to goe.

Now well he knew, he should be once more blist
By happy view of faire *Lucilla's* face,
And so perhaps, might find time to insist
Opport'nately in some convenient place,
Renue his suite, and make his love more knowne,
So ripe affections seed where he had sowne.

Most sure Loves seed is recompence in love,
And each one aimes for to acqyre the same,
Each loyall Lover must this aime approve,
Lustfull desires are ever worthy blame.
Calanthrops vertuous thoughts doe still aspire
Not subiect to libidinous desire.

But now they came whereas the Duke then dwelt,
Then were conducted to the Presence hall,
Lethargick love this time *Calanthrop* felt,
Yet wisely he his senses did recall.
The Duke well knowing that this was the knight,
Who had so stoutly kild the Beare in fight.

Intends all honour possibly to give
Vnto his worth, as tributarie pay,
Loves lawlesse passions doe the knight much grieve,
Though he for to restraine the same assay,
So since the Duke perceives him malcontent,
He tries all meanes this humour to prevent.

Therefore he sends for his faire Lasse in haste,
And all the while he keepes the knight in speech,
For he alone was by the Dukes selfe plac't
Now comes *Lucilla*, (top of beauties reach)
The love-sicke knight offers to kisse her hand,
Yet (couteous shee) his offer doth gain-stand.

AND LUCILLA.

The Duke sayd, Daughter, this same knight is hee
That kild the cruell Beare before my face,
Defending vs from beastly tyrannie,
Though *Philotomp* sought time him to disgrace,
Yet he most freely his trespasse forgave
And pardon'd him who should no pardon have.

But now *Lucilla* (smiling) 'gan to speake,
Beleeve me Sir, if this knight merit praise,
In reason I this claime may also seeke,
That I as partner honour'd bee alwayes,
For, last time I the healthfull spring did see,
In my returne I brought this knight with me.

And is it so, then daughter I request
Each time thou goes to view the spring againe,
To fetch'thy father ever such a guest,
As is this knight which now doth here remaine,
But now the Duke intreats the knight to show
If this tale his Lasse tels bee true, or no.

Beleeve me Sir (quoth *Calanthrop*) I came
From *Epyre* last, amongst a lovely traine
Of Ladies, whereof I beleeve this Dame
Was chiefe: I desir'd their help to gaine
The other shore, a stranger since I was,
They me permitted in their Barke to passe.

And ever since I lay at yonder Towne,
Where the malicious knight sought mee to kill,
Sometimes I viewd the countrey vp and downe,
Which pleasant progresse did content mee still,
And now I love to my owne countrey goe,
Therefore good Sir, I pray you let bee so.

Now went they all to dinner, afterward
The Duke, *Calanthrop*, and *Lucilla* went
Vnto a chamber, others were debard
Where they the after-noone discoursing spent,
They both intreat the knight his name reveale,
Protesting firmly they should it conceale.

CALANTHROP

Likewise the Duke requests *Calanthrop* stay,
Whereto *Calanthrop* forg'd some bare excuse,
Saying, Good Sir, I needes must goe away,
And so the Duke was forc't to brooke refuse:
Then bids the Duke his Lasse, her credit trye,
Perhaps the knight will not her suit deny.

So went the faire *Lucilla* to solist
One whom himselfe more happie did esteeme,
Then those who in *Elysium* ever blist,
Obtaine ingresse, late traild through *Stygian* streame,
Fortunes inconstant change, men may perceiue,
Who made *Lucilla* suiter to her slave.

Thus she began, Sir knight, may I intreate
You stay with vs, during a month, or two,
For why, my father thinke you a compleate
Brave Gentleman: and if that you be so,
I hope you'l then obey a Ladies sute,
Lest I should iustly you ingrate repute.

At your request I caused once transport
You and your Page both of you, through the sea,
Therefore you should concede in such like sort,
To this my sute, for in the like degree
It should have place, likewise you swore, in right
Me to defend, and to become my knight.

Which I accept before my father here,
If you be constant in your first desire,
How now (quoth she) sweet father, pray you beare
A part, that we our sute may once acquire?
If you'l become my knight Sir, take this ring,
You of your promise it will mindfull bring.

Madame (sayd he) I will the same receive,
For I'me perswaded you will not impose
To me, more then in reason you may crave,
Therefore I will my service scale inclose
Within the limits of your gracious will,
Vowing while breath doth last, it to fulfill.

AND LUCILLA.

Well then (quoth she) the first thing I command,
Is, that you stay at court where wee abide,
Therefore now servant, strive not to withstand
My iust decree, excuses lay aside.
Then next I doe demand your proper name,
Whereof I hope, you need not to thinke shame.

As to my stay (quoth he) I am content,
And therefore willingly I will obey,
Likewise (Madam) since it is your intent
To know my name, I must it not gainsay,
Men call me *Tristius*, of *Cimerian* vale,
For darke disdaine mee ever doth assaile.

Now comes a knight and tells the supper's drest,
Therefore the Duke seeing his Lords attend,
Both to his daughter and her knight exprest,
How that the Lords to supper for them send,
Yet did the Duke and his faire Lasse conceive,
Great ioy, that they had gaind what they would have.

But I beleeve *Calanthrop* did enioy
As much content as any man aliue,
For now he doth his best wits all imploy
To speake his mistres, yet doth wisely strive
To hide the same, till time and place doe serue,
Though he meane while in love was like to sterue.

To supper went they, after that, to rest,
Lucilla by her maids was then conveyd
To chamber: but *Calanthrop* now supprest
His passions great, expecting fort'nate aid,
When Duke, and Lords, and Knights were all asleepe,
Sick-thoughts *Calanthrop* did best comp'nic keepe.

Thus then perplext, hee went out at the gate,
Seeking to finde some solitarie place,
Where he might well, vnheard or scene, regrave
His hard mishaps, and wofull black disgrace,
In coverd walke, ne're to the river side,
Hard by the garden, him sweet Cedars hide.

CALANTHROP

Ov'rcharg'd with griefe, hee' gins for to impart
His love-sick passions, to each sencelesse thing,
Deepegrounded sighes opprest his loyall heart,
Which mov'd him to his Lute this Dittie sing,
The subiect was, how *Fortune* crost each man
In their lovesuite: thus *Calanthrop* began.

CALANTHROP HIS THRENODIE.

THE silent night summons each thing to rest,
The shrieking Owle (nights Herald) notes her houres,
In sable robes, when crystall welkin loures,
Each fowle an little bird flie to the their nest,
The Hamadriads haste to shadie bowres,
Each beast opprest with labour, travell, paine,
House, hold, or cave, to rest them in remaine.
Now dew descends vnseene in silver shoures,
Refreshing scorched plants, flours, grasse & grain,
Each thing that lives, this season somway please,
The wearie Phlegon in the night findes ease,
Cooling in Tethys bowre his fierie waine,
Yet I tormented by a deepe disease,
In night find neither rest, nor yet reliefe,
Pale-fac't disdaine is cause of all my griefe,
My frowning Fate I no way can appease,
Fortune (aye me) hath made me, to be brieft,
A gazing-stock of discontented woe,
And still decrees I shall continue so,
Till death exhale my breath by lawlesse reise.
You whistling windes that ev'rywhere doe blow,
Tell all the world how I am forc't to prove
The worst of Fortune, in the best of love.
Smooth glyding streames that to the Ocean goe,
Shew raging Neptune limited above
My restless passions, and heart-killing feares
Move me each houre (as tribute) pay him teares.
Blessed Powers above the starres who move,

AND LUCILLA.

And when you list to vs below appeares,
I you implore to abrogate my smart,
Else lend Lucilla her coequall part,
For she as yet what love may be, admires,
Therefore doe wound by sweet remorse, her heart,
O Cupid, if I durst, I would demaund
Why thou permits her thus thy lawes gain-stand,
I wish thou wouldst but touch her with thy dart,
Then should she be subiect to thy command,
And pittie me who daily for her feeble
Griefe, paine, and passions, signes of sorrows seale
And thou faire ring oft kist her fairer hand,
(Now drouping sits, and heares what I reveale)
Thou by that meane didst much more honor have
Then I thymaster, who like blisse did crave,
Old doting Morpheus is most glad to steale
The guerdon which in right I should receive,
Possessing her faire body, he doth smile
At wenching Love, who strives him to beguile.
Why doth not death me soone of breath bereave,
Since black disdaine affection doth exyle,
Satyrs & Faunes which haunt those woods among,
And dauncing Driads witnes this my wrong.
See how the windes keepe silence all this while,
To heare the sad rehearsal of my tongue,
Sea-guyding Cynthia shames to come in sight,
And twinkling stars in clouds obscure their light,
Sweet smelling Cedars straight & passing long,
Thrice happy I, were this my finall night.
No, no, I yet must try a wearie day,
For, to my griefe, the Fates my death delay,
Lest I by death might ease this wofull spright.
O heavens what have I done, that you assay
In my loves quest, each way to give me crosse,
Though I much fear to call heavens errors grosse.
Yet this abuse my senses so dismay,
I'm sensible of nothing but my losse,
Looke how Aurora at my woe doth weepe,
Cleare dewie teares from her gray eyes downe leep
On Flora's coat, where gentle windes them tosse.

CALANTHROP

The pleasant brookes a grudging murmure keepe,
Faure Phœbus now begins to guild the fields,
And though his beames to all things comfort yeelds,
Yet since he sees me wrapt in sorrowes deepe,
Musing a mayd can see a man so pyne,
Sham'd of my wrong, he now withdrawes his shine.

Calanthrop having sung this Threnodie,
Sighes strive with teares, and both prevent each word,
Teares wet his cheekes, sighes dry them suddenly,
His matchlesse griefe, deepe grounded groanes record,
Such wofull passions oft suggest despaire,
Whose on-wayters be sorrowe, shame, and care.

Yet to defend, such like should him befall,
Superiour powers think it now high time,
That Fortune should in prosp'rous ioyes install
Him whom till now she punisht without crime.
So, lest perchance hee offer might offence
Vnto himselfe, by desp'rate violence.

Heavens mov'd *Lucilla* his complaint to heare,
For such like passions made her to awake
With loving heart, and with a listning care,
Loves kingly power made her pittie take,
For by the consequent one may surmise
Her selfe was subiect to the same disease.

And yet she did most cunningly proceed,
How skild bee women in their coying Art?
She well perceiv'd *Calanthrop* stood in need
Of her sweet aid, to ease his love-sicke heart,
And though she was most willing to extend
Reliefe to him, yet doth the same suspend.

Now ov'r the walke where *Calanthrop* then lay,
There stood a gallerie on the garden wall,
To this same gallerie was a privie way
From her bed-chamber: here she us'd to call
Her maids by one dilating there her will,
To those shee pleas'd, whilst all the rest stood still.

Vnto

AND LUCILLA.

Vnto this gallerie went she all alone,
For all that night she had receiv'd bad rest,
Hearing her knight relate with many groane,
The various wayes his vrgent grieves increast.
And when *Calanthrop* had left off to sing,
He slept: which time shee dropt on him a ring.

The happy ring this posie did containe,
(Thy chiefe desire shortly shalt thou acqyre)
Ere he awoke, she went away vnscene,
Then to a secret walke did she retire,
Repenting her that e're this ring she threw
Vnto her knight, whereof he nothing knew.

Now being alone, she 'ginnes her selfe to blame,
That should give place to such an idle thought
As love: even thus, *Lucilla* now thy shame
Apparent is, which thou regardest nought.
What (fond *Lucilla*) wilt thou midst the yeares
Of tender age, subiect thy selfe to feares?

For Love's a field of feares, of cares, of paine,
Of trouble, sorrow, griefe, and ghostly woe,
Since so it is, in time it's best restraine
Such fruitlesse folly, and such like forgoe,
Lest *Venus* boy thy gentle heart intrap
Making therof no conquest, but a rapt.

And what is hee that thou dost thus affect?
A stranger, and perchance of such base minde,
That having got thy love, will then reiect
Thee, though at first he seeme to be most kinde,
Neither know's thou his renewes, nor state:
Therefore in time rue rather then too late.

But now Loves king once toucht her heart againe,
So that she now reputes herselfe ingrate,
Who could permit her lover to remaine
So long in griefe, and might the same abate.
For which in heart she vowes to make amends,
And ere she loose her loue, shee'l loose her friends.

For

For why shees sure, a knight of so good parts
As is her knight, must loyall bee in love,
Deceit ne're dwels in noble martiall hearts,
This maxime skildest Phylosophs approve,
His birth likewise is sure equivalent,
Els her to suite could ne're be his intent,

Yet she remembers beggar *Irus* sought
The constant love of chaste *Penelope*,
Which he mongst Peeres of *Ithaca* deare bought,
Endymion lov'd the Huntresse *Hecate*,
Thus love both Prince and poore man doth controll,
The gayners ioy, the loosers still condole.

But what though love a beggar did provoke
Or yet a shepheard enterprife such aime,
And rich and poore bee subiect to loves stroke,
And *Cupid* with one dart both heale and maime,
Like to *Achilles* lance, whom it did wound,
It selfe againe, nought else, must make them sound.

What then *Lucilla*? can there be such thing,
As ever love such operation had?
To make a base-borne slave, looke like a King,
Though love hath power to make one glad or sad,
Love in transformes will not prove so vnright,
To make a Heard, or Beggar seeme a Knight.

Admetus flocks nine winters *Cynthia* kept,
And love made love in golden showre descend
In *Danaes* lap, whilst she (faire Lady) slept,
The heat of love those gods made such intend,
Love likewise hath made Kings themselves abase,
Yet Indigence still stops Preferments place.

Since so it is, what then should make thee feare?
Yet try if that his love to thee be such
That he esteems no love as thine so deare,
If it be so, thou oughts reward him much,
Thus then resolv'd she cald her chiefest maid,
Sophona nam'd: and to her thus she sayd.

MY sweet *Sophona*, greatly need I ayde,
And none save thou, I thinke, can serve the turne,
For, wit and truth with secrecie conveyde,
Must onely helpe me to leave off to mourne.
Her love-sicke heart now secretly doth bleed,
Whereat she pausd, as one sham'd to proceed.

Which passion wisely *Sophona* thought good
To stop in time, before it should accresse
To greater height: for now her mistresse blood
From face to inward parts had swift regresse.
Whereby it seem'd, that love should be the cause
Of her stupiditie, and shame-fac't pause.

Thus therefore spake she to *Lucilla* sweet,
How now Madam, belike you mee mistrust,
Else sure you would not spare for to repeate
To me your griefes: if I prove false, heavens thrust
Me from their blisse: so Madam doe not spare
To shew to me the cause of all your care.

Praise to the heavens, I likewise can shut vp
A secret in the cabine of my heart,
Neither can *Cresus* worth my minde corrupt,
For to reveale the same in any part,
Speake what you will, to heavens I here protest
Till time you please, it shall not bee exprest.

But give me leave Madam, what if I gesse
Your cause of griefe? for I did well remarke
While as you spake, some passion to suppress,
You greatly strove: I doubt it is loves sparke,
For why, a tim'rous pause your speech made faile,
Rose-red first waxt your face, then ashy-pale.

And if Madam, love doe your heart possesse,
Give *Cupid* place, his deitie is supream,
Rather then vige an helpelesse businesse,
It's folly great to strive against the fireame,
Then be content, and prove not times abuse,
But freely shew how I may serve your use.

CALANTHROP

My deare *Sophona* (quoth *Lucilla* thou
Knowst well that hitherto I ever lov'd
Thee more then all my maids, and shall, I vow,
For why to me, as yet, thou ever prov'd
Most faithfull, constant, kinde, discrete, and wise,
Thee secrets to divulge, none can entyse.

Therefore to thee I'll tell the simple truth,
A tale that scarce my heart dare well commit
The pretious secret therof to my mouth,
Indeed *Sophona*, thou the mark hast hit,
I loue (aye me) I loue, what shall I doe?
The paines of loue my heart will rent in two.

Yet let mee tell thee, hee's a worthy one,
And this last night, I secretly ov'r-heard
His plaint, which might have mov'd a heart of stone
To pittie him, then went I afterward
Alongst the garden gallerie: he below
Lay fast asleepe, so nought at all did know.

In this meane time I took from off my hand
A pretty ring, and dropt it on his cloake,
The posie whereof, if hee vnderstand,
Of black despair will quench both fire and smoake,
But though his plaint at first made me relent,
Yet that I threw the ring, I did repent.

For why, I thought, I knew not well his worth,
And to my friends hee likewise was a stranger,
Yet loue me told, valour (though hid) breakes forth,
For mee and mine, hee put his life in danger,
In open field, vnarm'd, and without feare,
Couragiously alone he kild the Beare.

Disdaine sayes, Honour pusht him thereunto,
And what he did, was not for my respect,
Loue sayes againe, what had he here adoe,
But for my sake? should I him then reiect?
Reason suggesteth, once he told mee plaine,
I was his earthly ioy, and chiefeft gaine.

AND LUCILLA.

For kinde *Sophona*, this same is the knight,
That came from *Epire* in our companie,
And when we landed here, took his good night,
Beleeve me woman (faith) the same is hee
That came with vs last time we view'd the Spring,
This knight I meane, on whom I dropt the ring.

And now *Sophona* I intreate thee trye,
If that his love to me be so entire
As it appeares: likewise if thou canst spye
Him all alone: I pray thee strive to heare
His words, remark his gesture, and his lookes,
By these thou'le know, if he contentment brookes.

Sophona kinde, worke war'ly I exhort,
For long will I looke for thy wisht returne,
'Cause sure I am, thou wilt the truth report,
And helpe to quench the flames my heart doth burne,
Madam (quoth she) let me and that alone,
No more, farewell Madam, I will begone.

Since she is gone, it were no misse to show
What cogitations companied the knight:
For when *Lucilla* him the ring did throw,
You know he sleeping was, for why his spright,
Whilst he awoke was vext with griefe extreame,
For which in sleepe he had a golden dreame.

Hee dream'd he was into a lovely wood,
Where prettie birds melodiously did sing,
Hard by a river, where they also stood,
Trees, hearbes, and flowers, which pleasantly did spring,
All sorts of beasts here walkt most fearlesly,
Each thing strove here to satiate the eye,

In this meane time came *Venus* and her boy,
As he surmysd, betwixt them was a Lasse,
Whom they conduct without guide, or convoy,
Thus, swiftly marcht they where *Calanthrop* was,
Venus then cald aloud, brave knight awake,
And turning to *Cupido* thus she spake.

Sonne, long time hath this knight our servant beene,
And he as yet ne' re had of vs reward,
Therefore it's time that he should now attaine
The wished aime which hee doth most regard,
Say sonne, shall it be so? Yes mother, yes,
He shall anone enioy his earthly blisse.

(Quoth *Cupid*) knight, since thou ador'st our shrine,
Richer then *Paris* shall thy guerdon bee,
This spotlesse virgine shall be thy propine,
Thrice fairer farre then *Helen* was, is shee,
In signe that what I speake shall be most true,
Receive this ring from her: so now adiew.

Calanthrop through this extasie awakes,
Then blames he *Morpheus*' cause he him deceiv'd,
Rouzing himselfe, hee drowsie sleepe forsakes,
And looking round, he quickly now perceiv'd,
The very ring, which he thought whilst hee dream'd,
He had receiv'd from her he most esteem'd.

Dreames are of sundry natures, some reports,
Their reasons divers, divers their effect,
Yet those best knowne, consist but of three sorts,
Of which this first is held in least respect,
It's nam'd a dreame of office by the wise,
When folk in night, dreame of dayes exercise.

The second dreame is called naturall,
'Cause it proceeds of ones complection,
As phlegmatikes in sleep will dreame they fall
In rivers deepe: Sanguines suggestion
Is oft of bloud: Choler'ans of the fire,
Melancholickes of Divels, which none desire.

The dreame of *Revelation* is the last,
Which still foreshewes a good or bad successe,
This taught men divination in times past,
Thus knowne, of ioy or grieve it leaves excesse
Into the heart, which will not soone remove,
This dreame is not of nature, but above,

Belike

Belike *Calanthrop* did this dreame enioy,
When he awoke he was the merriest man,
I think, that liv'd: his heart voyd of annoy,
Doubting was't he, he to the river ran,
To view his shadow in the water cleare,
But whilst he stoupt, *Dirce* vnseen drew neare.

The possie of his ring he oft ov'r-read,
Kissing it, fate he on the rivers brinke,
Whilst thus he toy'd, *Dirce* scales vp her head,
Rest him the ring, then vnder flood did shrinke,
And now amaz'd *Calanthrop* on the land,
Like those beheld *Medusa* did hee stand.

Yet cry'd he *Dirce*, ô sweet *Dirce*, heare,
Now longst the river runnes, now doth he stay,
Still crying, gentle *Dirce*, once appeare,
For thou wast once a woman, Poets say,
Then pittie me, a humane wretch distrest,
Once vp she popt, yet to the sea her drest.

His regrates onely serve to shew his harme,
She serpent-like hardned her deafned eare,
As when inchanters strive them for to charme,
So carelesse shee, to sea hastes without feare,
No whit regarding *Calanthrops* offence,
She loves to dive in *Neptunes* confluence.

Sometimes she sporting would approch the shore,
Then would *Calanthrop* strive her to invade,
Now would she swim neere hand the flood some more,
Then sought he by intreates her to perswade,
But all in vaine, for let him doe his best,
She kept the ring hee held in most request.

Now since hee saw, hee no way could prevaile,
He vowes that he anone shall fisher turne,
And emptie all the seas of fish and Whale,
Els *Phaeton*-like he seas and earth shall burne,
But that's impossible: so now therefore
He *Neptune*, *Nereus*, *Proteus* doth implore.

CALANTHROP

Humbly intreates he that they'l him befriend,
In causing *Dirce* him againe restore,
Or they'l be pleas'd, the little ring to send
With some such like, he vowes hee'l then adore
Their liquid Deitie, large and limitleffe,
Belike those Sea-gods pittied his distresse.

For now anone appeares a monster great,
Holding the robber firmly by the back,
His looks with death the whole spectators threat,
He towards land the neereft way doth take,
But since he sees *Calanthrop*, he directs
Dirce to goe and mend her past defects.

Trembling she went, and doth the ring produce,
Craving him pardon whom she had offended,
Protesting ne're to doe the like abuse,
She likewise told him that shee once intended
To give that ring vnto a kinsman neare,
Which *Neptune* caus'd her to its owner beare.

Well (quoth *Calanthrop*) now I see it's sure,
Ambition made thee loose thy humane shape,
Thy strife 'gainst *Pallas* iustly did procure
Thisthy mishape, and though thou death didst scape,
Be sure, abides thee yet some greater paine,
If thou hereafter vse such trickes againe.

So now farewell, for freely I forgive
Thee all my wrong, *Neptune* still thanks shall have,
Who did thee of thy libertie deprive,
Vntill such time as thou was forc't to crave
Pardon for thy offence against thy will,
Else thy deform'd attendant would thee kill.

Dirce to sea, *Calanthrop* homewards went,
'Cause that the Duke might chance for him enquire,
And finding him that time to be absent,
Thereof to know the reason should desire,
For this cause did he to his chamber goe,
So secretly none save his page did know.

He

AND LUCILLA.

He bids his page there leave him for a space,
If any did enquire for him that day
Say he was sick, and see in any case,
That none approacht him, but he should them stay,
For now the passions of loves fierie fume,
His loyall heart was likely to consume.

Likewise his dreamereputes he meere deceit
And blames himselfe that e're did such beleeve,
Yet when hee thinkes vpon the rings receipt,
Those sorrows vanish, which do most him grieve.
'Cause he admires what blist sp'rite did bestow
So rare a gift to stop his over-throw.

With weeping eyes hee doth the posie view,
His pale-hew'd lips the ring doe often kisse,
Sighing he said (O heavens) may this be true,
That faire *Lucilla* will forthink her misse,
And pittie wretch *Calanthrop* his estate,
Would sell his life for her at easie rate?

No, no, fond man, be sure it cannot be,
For she hath told thy selfe already, that
She much distasted *Cupids* deitie,
And thought those fooles that ever did inact
Their liberties, within his lawlesse booke,
Or in loves mirrour sought themselves to looke.

Therefore there was small hope of his reliefe,
Yet willd his *Genius* him renew his suite,
It might be heavens would some way ease his grieve,
Seldome brave mindes succumbe in loves pursute.
And though he dy'd, his ghost should have content,
Since for her love death did his breath prevent.

Vnknowneto him, *Sophona* was hard by,
And heard the maner of his whole regrate,
You know *Lucilla* sent her there to trye
His passions which were tedious to relate,
His plaints, *Sophona* did to stay allure,
For she vnscene lookt through a doore obscure.

E 3

There

CALANTHROP

Thereafter went she to his Page, and told,
She much desir'd to speake with *Tristius*
His master: therefore wold shee him vnfold
So much vnto him: likewise shew him thus,
(Though for the present he be somewhat sicke)
Lucilla's mayd *Sophona* would him speake.

His Page acquaints him that there did attend
A Lady faire, *Sophona* was her name,
To speake with him she gladly did intend,
Since you are sick Sir, she doth favour claime
To visite you: some physick for your ease,
Perhaps she brings, will banish your disease.

Chiefe Dame of honour to *Lucilla* faire
Is this *Sophona*, els am I deceiv'd,
Goe fetch her quickly, she perchance my care
May ease, which of her mistresse I receiv'd,
Heavens grant it so: yet what way can I chuse
To give her presence, I can not refuse.

Now doth *Calanthrop* *Sophona* embrace,
Their salutations beeing finished,
Vnto a window they remov'd a space,
Sighes show his griefe is not diminished,
Faire Lady (quoth he) to a loyall heart,
You may your pleasure now at length impart.

Sir *Tristius* (quoth *Sophona*) I intreate
You be not wroth, I come to visite you,
Nor for my words repute me indiscreet,
For to my knowledge I most firmly vow,
I will not speake the thing may you offend,
Proceed (quoth he) faire Lady, heavens defend.

I should be wroth at any Ladies words,
And namely those who faire *Lucilla* serve,
Since I am her knight, with reason it accords,
I shoul I such dutie towards her observe
As to doe her meanest servants good,
In dangers lab'rinth though I me intrude.

AND LUCILLA.

Well then (quoth she) ever since you came here
I have perceiv'd you wonderfully sad,
Thereason hereof I doe much admire,
Your face declares your heart's in sorrow clad,
To see so brave a knight it grieves me much
As you, so subiect vnto sorrowes touch.

Therefore I here the gods supream obtest
To witnesse this my true and kinde intent,
That since I see your minde is so oppress'd,
If you'le shew mee the cause, I shall consent
To ayd you in each loyall endeavour,
With secrecie, and diligence in store.

O blest *Sophona*, wilt thou say me so?
Shall I beleeeve thy *Nectar*-tasted speech?
'Fore heavens (quoth she) what ever you me show
I shall keepe secret, and I you beseech
If that my paines can stand you in good stead,
Shew me your minde, and fearlesly proceed.

Indeed faire Lady, I will then declare
Thee all my griefe: Love doth my heart molest,
Disdaine oft drives me very neare despaire,
Lucilla so bereaves my minde of rest,
Her love, her love, oft makes my hart to quaille,
For why I see no meanes for to prevaile.

Nor can I finde a time to shew my minde
Vnto her selfe: so Lady if you doe
Be pleas'd to show me such a favour kinde,
As finde a mean how I may speake her to,
Of me you shall have such reward allow'd,
As you shall thinke your travell well bestow'd.

Sir (quoth *Sophona*) you shall vnderstand
No gifts can move *Sophona* to deceive
Her loving mistresse: but since your demand
Is so discreet, and sorrowes which you have
Are passing great, then bee you rul'd by me,
I'll shew you when you may conveniently

CALANTHROP

Speake with my Lady, this advice receive,
This very night some Lords will act a maske,
In the great hall, so when you speech would have,
When they begin, see you for me doe aske,
Hard by *Lucilla* you shall have a place,
And when you please I shall remove apace.

O sweete *Sophona*, wife is thy advice,
Have here this Jewell for thy kinde assent,
As thou hast said, so shall I enterprize,
Heavens grant that *Fortune* thereto give consent,
Now to the end I may avoid rebuke,
I will be gone for to attend the Duke.

Sophona now I thinke, with merrie cheare,
Went to her mistresse, who did then expect
Her wisht returne, yet not without some feare,
Although the message she did much affect,
And when *Sophona* came into her sight,
Twixt hope and feare vext was *Lucilla's* spright.

Hope tels her all is well, be not afraid,
Take courage for thy comfort quickly comes,
Feare sayes it is not so, which tale dismaid
Her so, that grieve her senses all benummes,
And ill advisd to try *Lucilla's* thought,
At first *Sophona* seem'd bad newes t' have brought.

How soone she went to try *Calanthrops* minde,
Lucilla to a chamber did retire,
And there herselfe most secretly confin'd,
Whereat her maides did very much admire.
For she in use had ne're such formes of old,
Yet to enquire the reason none so bold.

Sophona findes her tumbling on a bed,
And making to herselfe a secret moane,
But at *Sophona's* sight her passions fled,
Yet every word's prevented by a groane.
Now vp she rose, then said with sighing breath,
Sophona sweete what newes? Is't life or death?

AND LUCILLA.

Madam (quoth she) I went at your command,
To trye your knight, his vertue or his vice,
My voyage was like theirs who plow the sand,
Or those who search for fire beneath the yce.
At which *Lucilla* shrunk right where she stood,
Like to a snow-ball cast into some flood.

Which *Sophona* perceiving, gript her fast,
Cursing the time that e're she so did iest,
Through her complaints *Lucilla* woke at last,
Then faintly said, how sweete is death his taste?
And still *Sophona* pittifully cries,
Pardon Madam, for what I said is lies.

Whereat she faintly heaveth vp her head,
Saying, O heavens, sweet heavens, where am I now?
In heaven, or earth, or am I 'mongst the dead,
She strives to stand, her feeble sinewes bow,
Weakned through feare, but yet she at the length,
Pac't vp and downe, and so regain'd some strength.

Sophona now craves pardon for the wrong,
Which she had done her through her misreport,
Lucilla said, *Sophona* thou art strong
Enough, to glad me by a wisht support,
But here before the gods I thee adiure,
That thou thy mistresse of the truth assure.

By heavens Madam this is the veritie,
This day I'me sure you have the worthiest knight
That lives, or loves, void of infirmitie,
I heard his plaints, yet kept me out of sight,
Not so content, I went and spoke him faire,
Whereby I tryd him to a very haire.

Blest gods, what doe I heare, what, what, words, what?
Sophona sweet, I pray, doe but remaine,
And once repeate that *Nectar*-speech, even that,
Of force sufficient fetch a ghost againe
From darkest region of infernall shade,
To *Limbus patrum*, where all ghosts be glad.

CALANTHROP

In truth Madam, I pittied his complaint,
When in his waylings hee most plainly shew
Loves passion made his loyall heart to faint,
And when I did his countenance review,
The figure of disdaine, and black disgrace,
Pale discontent had portrait in his face.

Lucilla faire, *Lucilla* did hee call,
Pittie deare sweet, pittie thy love-sick slave,
For thee who would to death his life intrall,
A truer love, shall never woman have,
Aye me, aye me, wilt thou not pittie him,
That for thy love the *Strygian* lake would swim.

When thus I heard him, truth I must confesse
I could not chuse but sigh : Madam, how now?
I think you strive vs t' imitate, vnlesse
You spare those groanes, I will the same avow,
No Madam, no, beleewe me if you please,
You are the authour of his great vncase.

Now Madam harke mee, hee did mee intreate
That I would move you for to give him care,
In some convenient place, for to repeate
His plaints, whereby his passions might appeare,
Therefore Madam, pray be not discontent,
At maske this night I wuld him be present.

Where he shall have a time convenient,
Whilst all the rest are exercysd in daunce,
To tell his griefe, as is expedient,
To you who may his fortunes best advance.
Say Madam, say deare Madam, shalt be so?
Sophona mine, I cannot say thee no.

It shall indeed, I cannot still refuse
To grant my worthy knight some audience,
Else iustly may he think I him abuse,
And that I light esteeme his good pretence.
But this is worst, small time can wee acquirre,
There to discourse, which both of vs desire.

Madam

AND LUCILLA.

Madame (quoth shee) can you not then appoyne
Both time and place where you and he may meete?
His loyall love with ioy you may annoynt,
And be your selfe copartiner repleate.
This is the best, so Madam thus conclude,
If e'er you minde to taste contentments food.

My sweete *Sophona*, thou art passing wise,
In each thing therefore I'll be rul'd by thee,
Vnhappy shee such counsell would despise
As comes of love, seald with wise secrecie,
The time drawes neare, therefore let vs addresse
Our selves, and put each thing in readinesse.

Each houre a day, each moment seemes an houre,
Vnto these lovers, till this day be spent,
Delay, of taste, to lovers proves most soure,
The time seemes tedious which precures content,
Yet, day once spent, then the great hall within,
The trumpets sound before the Maske beginne.

The Duke with Lords and Knights went to the Hall,
Next doe the Actors of the Maske provide,
Then came *Lucilla*, with her Ladies all,
Sophona still kept by her mistresse side,
Calanthrop doth salute the Ladies there,
Past by as though he sought a place elsewhere.

Sophona sees him, therefore doth forsake
Her place, went to him as of courtesie,
Saying, Come here Sir Knight, though I should lacke
A place, since you're a stranger, I'll supply,
You at this time : he thanks her, she conducted
Him to the place as she before instructed.

Thus shee *Calanthrop*, by *Lucilla* set,
The rest their roomes were distant a good way,
When they began to speake, lest shee should let
A good occasion : she without delay
Remov'd herselfe a little from them two,
To her *Lucilla* sayd, where doe you goe?

Madam

CALANTHROP

Madam (quoth she) no way, I'll stay right here,
I doe attend the comming of a friend,
And to our speech, lest you perhaps give care,
I doe remove this happy time to spend,
Your knight Madam, I cauld to you repaire,
He in my absence will of you take care.

Indeed *Sophona* I did think no lesse,
For I admir'd you were become so kinde,
As give your place with such a willingnesse,
Except you had some other plot in minde,
Now there's a iest (quoth shee) my life to pledge,
Servant, that *Sophona* attends your Page.

Sweet Madam (quoth *Calanthrop*) glad am I,
If I or he can any way her please,
Or any of your servants, because why
I am your knight, who never shall surcease
Both you and yours to serve to my lives end,
My servants therefore should the like intend.

For my deare love, when first I saw thy face,
I vowd my service absolute to thee,
Whose exc'lent beautie, and sweet lovely grace,
Can ne're be darkned by obscuritie,
O wert thou pittifull, as thou art faire,
Then wouldst thou ease those sorrows I declare!

Sweet, cruell, faire, is it not now high time
To pittie me thy captive wretch forlorne?
By thee disdaind, made captive without crime,
Disdain still moves thee, laugh my love to scorne,
Pittie deare love, aye me, how long? how long?
Wilt thou persist in this thy wilfull wrong?

Oh if thou hadst but onely one poore touch,
Of that loves passion, and tormenting paine,
Then sure thou wouldst be mov'd to pittie much
Him, who for thee doth houely such sustaine,
The hope whereof, scale in my heart by this,
Lend me of thy faire hand, one sweet sweet kisse.

Believe

AND LUCILLA.

Believe me servant, that's a poore request,
Faith servant, I much pittie thy estate,
For thou appear'st to be by love oppressd,
Therefore in heart I doethy state regrate,
Wishing that thou that humour couldst forbear,
Which throbbing sighes demonstrate to my care.

But trust me servant, I thought long agoe,
Thou shouldst forget this idle humour love,
Yet I perceive belike it is not so,
Loves wound, some say, doth no way soone remove.
With credit therefore may I doe thee good,
I sweare I shall thee from those grieves seclude.

Servant perswade thy selfe of my good will,
In any thing with credit I may doe,
And if thou love me, thou my honour still
Must aye regard, this favour I'll thee show.
In signe whereof I give thee here my hand,
Thou shalt enioy my presence at demand.

So when you doe desire to speake with mee,
Send you your Page vnto my trustie maid
Sophona: she shall show him secretly
When you to me may fittest be convoid.
The Maske's at end, for this time must we part,
Yet take this secret kisse to ease thy smart.

Madam (quoth he) I never can repay
This favour, past the value of the earth,
Though I could dye for you ten times a day,
And (with *Dentalions* stones) live without birth,
Or *Hydra*-like revive when I were slaine,
My blood could never counterpoyse my gaine.

Now comes *Sophona*, tels them of a match,
Betwixt her and the Page, the morne at night,
How they had plotted to deceive the watch,
Steale forth at gates, by helpe of *Phabe's* light,
He runnes (quoth she) the water-walke 'gainst me,
Madam, you and your knight our Iudges be.

Truth

Truth (quoth *Lucilla*) if I could vnscene,
I would most gladly view that prettie sport,
What say you servant, will you then conueene?
Yes Madam, yes, I will in any sort
Be present: then (quoth she) take you a care
To bring your Page, I'll bring *Sophona* there.

At two a clock in night see you attend,
For she and I will come the garden way
Thorow the gallerie, and the staires descend,
Take heed the watch be vnto you no stay,
No Madam, we in time for that shall guard,
And never yeeld them thanks for their reward.

The Maske now ends, the Duke and Lords them sped,
Vnto their chambers, for to take some sleepe,
Lucilla and her Ladies goe to bed,
Though one intent did not them comp'nie keepe,
Her maids did minde of nothing but their rest,
But she (sweet Lady) was by love opprest.

She set an houre-glasse, nights houres to recount,
And often cryd *Sophona* doest thou heare?
To what a clock doth now the houres amount?
Or pray thee tell me what a night doest make?
How tedious is the time that doth prolong
Lovers content? whose abience proves too strong.

The night wore out, so likewise did the morrow,
When it grew late, *Calanthrop* and his boy
Went forth at gates, lest that vnto his sorrow
Their stay might turne, for it would much annoy
Him to be frustrate of such sweete solace,
Therefore before the time hee kept the place.

By ten a cloke hee did approach the walke,
The time appoynted was the houre of two,
Now with his Page hee secretly doth talke,
At last he walkt a little way him fro,
Where he the sweetest harmonie did heare,
That ever was presented to the care.

From out the garden gallerie came the sound
To a basse Lute, the trebble sang some voyce
Palinode-like, the subiect seem'd resound
Tribute to *Cupid*, and therein reioyce.
It was *Lucilla*, whom love did constraine.
By this her Palinode her minde t'explaine.

LUCILLA HER PALINODE.

MAny one rashly giue, reasonlesse censures towards love,
But those as I beleeeve, his mightie pow'r did neuer prove,
Why should they speake, were ne're love-sicke
Of Cupids power or might,
Blind folke should not, iudge colours but
Give place to those haue sight.

The time was once I thought, as those &aine fooles do now surmise
And I by all meanes sought, to move each one his power despise.
But foolish I, did not espy
That Cupid was a God,
Though I was wilde, hee made mee milde
Like babes who kisse their rod.

It's more then madnesse great, to raile against affections King,
Be he control'd hee'l threat, the gods themselves to ruine bring.
Him powers blist, dare not resist
Ioue, Neptune, nor Apollo,
Should then not wee, who mortals be,
Learne their example follow.

Though Danae was kept close, and strictly watcht by matrons guard,
Her father life must losse, by her first borne for his reward,
He knowing that, incarcerate
Her, to prevent the same,
Ioue did surmise, gold blindes the wise,
And time make Dian tame.

Such sure is Venus boy, deare bought experience makes me know,
None can on earth finde ioy, vlesse themselves his servants show,
Let yong and old, let base and bold
Let rich and poore obey,
For who gainstand, Cupids command,
He workes their wrack alway.

Long since, I must confesse, I Venus deitie did detest,
And thought it foolishnesse, in those their hopes so fondly plac't,
I cald Love blinde, and now I finde
He wounds without respect,
Yea, all alike, his darts doe strike,
With love or pale reiect.

But where as I before, transgrest 'gainst Venus and her sonne,
I vow now to adore, their sacred will till life be done.
No bad pretence, but ignorance,
Made me their lawes forsake,
So Jewels rare, some fooles will spare,
And yet a feather take.

Love all things overcomes, to Love Lucilla doth give place,
Their fences he benummeth, who strive his deitie to disgrace.
Or seek his foyle, or honours spoyle,
Therefore I thus resolve,
In life or death, whilst I doe breathe,
My love shall ne're dissolve.

Calanthrop in this song tooke such delight,
He now remaind the gladdest man that liv'd,
Her happy words he registrate in spright
Whose force from death to life could have reviv'd
The saddest malcontent that liv'd, or lov'd,
To see how Princely love disdainc remov'd,

The time appointed came, Lucilla faire,
And wife Sophona, though the night was darke,
Came both so softly downe the gallerie staire,
None of her guard them absent did remarke,
They shut the privie gate themselves behinde,
Thereafter shortly whom they sought, they finde.

Madam

Madam (quoth Sophona) to this advert,
Remember when you speake your knight, this clame,
For men in love are cunningly expert,
As yet you know not *Tristius* proper name,
Is't possible (quoth she?) Madam, it's true,
Then (quoth Lucilla) I'le that suite renew.

Now see they other through a lowring light,
For envious *Cynthia* gave vnwilling shine,
Cause why she knew that *Cupids* day was night,
Lovers convents move chastitie repine.
Yet told Lucilla *Phæbe* to her face,
Endymion saw her smile with better grace.

Thus doe they meet, Calanthrop by the arme
Tooke faire Lucilla, paicing so along,
The night was dark, yet was the season warme,
He calles to minde Lucilla's sugred song,
Whereby love told him plainly to conclude,
Lovers late meetings aimes at further good.

Therefore he was most loath for to neglect
Such good occasion: And so he desir'd
Her, whom on earth his sp'rite did most affect,
Vnto a parle: she againe requir'd
Sophona and his Page: to try their game,
Of foot-course, which to view she thither came

The which they did, the match *Sophona* gaind,
For, midst the course the Page through fiercenesse fell,
So they him looser merrily ordain'd,
But yet the Boy their censures did repell,
Alledging, that since *Fortune* gave the crosse,
They could not iustly say his was the losse.

Thus merrily discours't they on the sport,
Calanthrop took Lucilla faire apart,
Sophona did the Page be pleas'd exhort,
Who seem'd to take his losse in evill heart.
Whereat he smiling, rounded in her eare,
To make them sport he did so sad appeare.

f

Sophona

Sophona and the Page were quickly gone,
Towards the vtmost end of this same walke,
Calanthrop since he found himselfe alone
With his sweet love, he thus began to talke,
First craving pardon if he should offend,
This speech to her sweet cares he did commend

O Bravest frame that ever *Nature* wrought,
Rare quintessence of beauties honoured frame,
Fairer then she to *Troy* whom *Paris* brought,
Thou who art staine to *Cupids* smiling Dame,
Poore lowring *Cynthia* shames her shine to shewe,
Because she sees thy fairer face below.

Each gazing eye doe homage to thy beutie,
The fairest *Nymphs* as hand-maids wil thee serve
Each heart adores thee, in all soveraigne dutie.
Yet *Phæbus* faire midst envy's like to sterue,
For why, black clouds eclipse his light divine,
Thy fairer rayes not subiect to decline.

The sparkling starres much imitate thy eyes,
When chilling frost doth cleare the azur'd skye,
In thee alone true vertue lives and dies,
My life and love on thy sweet selfe relye,
Look how the Lizard feeds on humane sight,
Right so thy face both yeelds me life & light.

The *Salamander* lives amidst the fire,
Not burnt thereby, nor choked by the fume,
So doe I live 'midst flames of hot desire,
Thy looks my heart doe fire, yet not consume.
Likewise thy words inchant my listning eare,
Like *Sirens* songs, when shippes their rockes drew neare.

Since thou bewitches, deare sweet vse me so,
As *Circe* did of *Ithaca* the king,
When he by sea late-sacked *Troy* came froe,
By magick spelles him to her Ile did bring,
Yet through loves force, when she her conquest viewd,
She yeelds herselfe to him she late subdu'd.

But

AND LUCILLA.

But if thou wilt not imitate a witch,
Let vertuous *Dido* thy example bee,
Who though she was most infinitely rich,
Sea-toft *Aeneas* kept she companie,
And though you iustly may to me object,
That he was false: I'me free of that defect.

Therefore sweet love, while as the season fits,
Once make me fort'nate in my loves attempt,
Are they not wise their secretes most commits
To sencelesse things, from feare they're sure exempt,
Windes, rivers, trees, hearbes, floures, nor grasse can tell
What we coact, so let our ioyes excell.

No hindrance have we, if thy selfe be willing,
Come deare sweet love, come seale it with a kisse,
Then shall we looke like prettie Doves a billing,
If thou with-draw thy head, thou robst my blisse.
O let me suck the Nectar from thy lippe,
Where loves *Idæa* still delights to skippe.

Midst fervent passion, he doth softly crush
Her whiter hand then snow that's lately blowne,
He pulls, she holds, this mov'd a modest blush
Possesse her face, yet second by a frowne,
Which so him frighted, that he could not speake,
Whereat (she smiling said) and clapt his cheek.

Servant, you men have a deceiving wit,
When you your mistres favour would acquire,
No sugred sentence doe you then omit,
Some lying sp'rite doth so your hearts inspire.
For when you seek to foyle poore womens fame,
Vnder a loves pretext, serve you not blame?

It's sayd that women when they list can weepe,
And men in love can when they please looke pale,
What passions, plaints, grieve, groanes, and sighes you keepe
In store for to obscure a fained tale,
Likewise you'll mourne like Crocodils with teares
For ayd, while as your false intent appears.

With sweetest songs like *Marmaids*, you'le inchaunt
The chafteft eare when nothing else can doe it,
Blest are those women who in time dif-haunt
Such smooth-tongu'd Sycophants who move them to it,
When plaints, sighes, groanes, tears, songs, cannot prevaile,
By truthlesse praises you our sexe assaile.

One sweares his *Nymph* is more than *Venus* faire,
When one would thinke her *Æthyopian* borne,
Ioves *Queene* to her most sure hath no compare,
Squint, drouping lookes, her gesture so adorne.
How meek she is, most lovely is her grace,
When fye on her, she hath *Alectoes* face.

Now *Dian* must not be so chaste as shee,
Though *Lais*-like shee have a loving heart,
Pallas I gesse, no way so wise may bee,
For she can skill of *Mopsa's* hood-winkt art.
Penelope so constant none did finde,
As she whose Thain-like thoughts move with each wind

And hee'l maintaine, she secretes can conceale,
Though scarce so well as babes, who late got vse
Of blabbing tongue, who all they heare, reveale,
Yet in one thing she merit may excuse,
Proud is she not, perhaps against her will,
Cause to attaine the same, she lacketh skill.

Her golden haire (though crow-black) will he guild,
Her starre-like eyes, looke sleepe, yet must glance,
Her snow-white cheekes, an Amber colour yeeld,
Her proper nose, huge great, and crook't perchance,
Her Rubie-lips, remaine of purple dye,
Her pearle-like teeth, like Currall men espy.

Her *Gorie* hands are wrinkled like a frogge,
Her comely breast is such as babes forsake,
Her heavenly voyce sounds like a barking dogge,
Her breath perfum'd, would make a whole head ake.
In end, his mistres pardon he exhorts,
Cause of her worth he sparingly reperts.

And

And if we will not trust you, then you'le sweare,
The cursed'st oathes that ever mortal heard,
By this meanedoe you banish all our feare,
Which to our losse oft turneth after ward,
That this is true, servant be you assur'd,
Yet heavens defend that each man were periur'd.

But come, sweet servant, pray you tell me this,
Can there be love where that the truth's conceald?
Some speciall reason may excuse that misse,
Madam (quoth he) though love by truth be seald
Yet if a man can yeeld no reason good,
Their mistresse iustly may their sute exclude.

But Madam, I intreate, if that you can,
Shew me the woman that such wrong hath got,
Or what's the name of that disloyall man,
That hath his honour staïnd with such a blot.
Servant (quoth she) my selfe the woman be,
And you the man that did the wrong to me.

Did I (Madam) did I? yes servant, you,
Yet shall it ne're be publisht to your shame,
O grieve not servant, till I tell you how,
Is not my knight cald *Tristinus* to his name?
Wherat he blusht, what (quoth she) is't not so?
I'le make you then speake true before you goe.

So if thou love me, presently declare,
Thy proper name, and what reason thou had,
For to conceale the same, and so to spare
The truth: for truth with honour's ever clad.
Madam, my life I weigh not to your love,
Therefore this is the truth by heavens above.

When first to you I did present my suite,
(Heavens know my minde to you was ever true)
Yet you, a foole or mad man me repute,
For why, as then of love you nothing knew.
So nought regarding me, you took good night,
And left me (God knowes) with a grieved spright.

CALANTHROP

Since for your love I had my countrey left,
My parents, friends, and all my royall state,
Your heavenly beautie so of sence bereft
Me, that asham'd I curst my cruell Fate.

Likewise I curst those contrarie aspects,
In birth beare rule, in life work bad effects.

Sham'd to returne to my owne native soyle,
Because that I was ty'd eternally
Vnto your beautie, and had given the spoyle,
To you of all my former libertie,
For this cause in these woods and vnknowne wayes,
I Hermit-like resolv'd to spend my dayes.

Thus then resolv'd, I to the Forrest went,
A little after I came from your barke,
My Page to seek some Innes for me I sent,
When he was gone, a grove I did remarke,
There lay I downe, and there bewaild my griefe
To sencelesse things, which could yeeld no reliefe.

Incontinent a man I did perceive,
To me he came, and asked if that way
There came some huntsmen, I againe did crave
In any sort he would be pleas'd to stay,
And show me how they cal'd this countrey where
I now remaind: at my request even there

He told me all that I desir'd to know,
Thereafter went in truth I know not whither,
Most glad in heart of that he did mee show,
I roud my selfe, and then my Page came thither,
And told me that my Inne he did provide
Into a towne where many knights abide.

Expecting on the hunting of a Beare,
Who had the countrey people much abus'd,
Then for thy sake, my love, and dearest deare,
I thought I merit blame if I refus'd
To hazard life, and that if I were slaine,
My worth vnknowne perpetuall might remaine,

AND LUCILLA.

For this cause I my proper name forooke,
That likewise if I perisht through disdaine,
Vnder the name of *Tristius* I might brooke
Oblivion, which in death was all my gaine.
This was the reason which did most me move
Obscure my name, lest I succumb'd in love.

But since thou hast commanded me to tell
My proper name, I shall the same impart.
Deare love, thou knowst the countrey where the well
Once cas'd thy mother of a poysonous smart,
Of rich *Epirus*, and that healthfull Spring,
Thy knight and servant *Calanthrop* is King.

Thou therefore who hast long my love inthrall'd,
Since time so serves (deare sweet love) be not coy,
With *Epires* crowne thy head shall be impald,
Each earthly pleasure shalt thou there enioy.
I care not for thy father, nor thy friends,
So I have thee, let them goe crave amends.

I'm sure it grieves thee much to bee confin'd
Continually in chamber: doth it not?
(Aye me) deare soule, that thou shouldst bee so pin'd
And captivemade by him who thee begot.
Kisse me (sweet love) and I shall make thee free,
My *Epire* ships through sea shall carrie thee.

My *Calanthrop* (quothe she) couldst thou acquire
My fathers grant, it would my minde much ease,
Then blamelesse might I grant thee thy desire.
Children should strive their parents wrath t'appease,
Yet I'me afraid, if thou propone such thing,
It thy designe to hindrance great doe bring.

High walles are scald when *Canons* cannot wrong,
Import'nate suites in end are often past
Continuall battrie, though the fort bee strong,
Will force the keepers render at the last,
The stone by water's penetrate at length,
By often falling rather then by strength.

Lucilla so no longer could resist
His strong assaults, nor yet could she reject
His loyall love, prescribe then as he list
She will obey: for why she doth affect
Him so, that both her honour, state and fame
He may dispose at pleasure of the same.

YET though (quoth she) thou now hast gaind the field,
I le tell thee one thing (pray thee set thee downe)
To *Tristius*, not to *Calanthrop*, I yeeld,
Lest thou should thinke the guerdon of a crowne
Had wrought the match: no, faith I'le this expreeme,
Thy selfe I doe more then thy state esteeme.

By heavens (quoth he) I never other thought,
Therefore I here accept thee for my wife,
In signe whereof, this ring which nere was wrought,
By mortall hands, which I esteeme as life,
I'le give to thee, *Dian* to *Arcas* dame
It gave, and this way to my hand it came.

When as *Calisto*, one of *Dians* traine
Admitted was, the chaste Queene much did feare
The wanton Lasse long chaste should scarce remaine,
Therefore she gave her this ring you have here,
Whose vertue will preserve ones chastitie
So long as she that beares it doth agree.

The chaste ring it is cald, you may behold
Its name is written on its inmost side,
The greatest leacher, furious, strong or bold,
That ever liv'd, though by a maid he bide,
Have she this ring, he can doe no offence
Against her will, to her through violence.

Yet wylie *Iove* did court *Diana's* maid,
Who from her mistresse got it for this vse,
And when *Iove* had enjoyd her, as was sayd,
She lost this ring by sloth, or by abuse
Into a Forrest of faire *Arcadie*,
When as the god enjoyd her companie.

Where, out of question, it lay many yeares,
Yet heavens would not have such a iewell lost,
Vnto an *Epirot* one night appeares
It, who was shipwrackt on the *Morean* coast,
Like to a glow-worme he perceives it shine,
Like *Fairies* candle, or some light divine.

The passenger, because the night was darke,
Was much afraid: for still hee did admire
What it might be: at last he did remarke,
That neither bush, nor grasse, burnt had this fire,
Then took he courage, swore he should it see,
Found it a ring, and brought the ring to mee.

When I had got the same, I causd demand,
Apollo's Oracle what it portended,
The response told, that to the fairest hand
The world did yeeld, this ring should be extended,
And that its owner should the virgine wed,
And have her home to his right royall bed.

Likewise deare love, it told me whose it was,
With all the circumstances of the state,
And how that it was lost by yond same Lasse,
The vertue thereof thus it did dilate,
Now this is all, of it I know no more,
But that it's better plac't then of before.

In truth (quoth shee) this is a strange report,
That you have told me here, about this ring,
Yet may it purchase truth in every sort,
But now me thinkes the Larke beginnes to sing,
Yet sweet heart, see thy Page, how he doth sleepe,
And good *Sophona* must him comp'nie keepe

Let vs awake them, for we must remove,
Cleare day compels vs for to bid fare-well
Black clouds, which hid the welkins face above,
Bright *Phosphorus* makes now, for shame to steale
Close out of sight, *Aurora's* dewie head,
Hath drops disperit ov'r hill, vale, wood and meade.

CALANTHROP

So each thing tells vs that it's time to part,
Left *Phæbus* selfe vs absent doe proclaime,
Those things composd by *Nature*, not by *Art*,
Bid vs beware of *Envies* scandalous blame,
A vertuous name is much to bee esteemd,
But if once lost, hardly againe redeemd.

Deare heart (quoth *Calanthrop*) we shal not stay,
Do conely show me when you'le ready bee,
For presently my Page without delay.
Shall from *Epirus* bring a shippe for thee.
My *Calanthrop* (quoth she) when e're you will,
I'le goe with you, and your desire fulfill.

For though one man might absolutely dispose
Of all the earth, and were in suite of me,
In my affection thou mightst safe repose,
As heavens me blesse, such is my love to thee,
Though *Love* would suite me with the gods convoy,
Calanthrop shall *Lucilla* sure enioy.

O sentence blest, more blessed yet that tongue
Which moy'd the speech: come, let vs them awake
Vp boy, get vp, for thou hast slept too long,
Yet first *Sophona* to her mistresse spake,
Sweet Madam doe you think it time to goe?
Yes, yes, *Sophona*, doe not you thinke so?

Now servant (quoth *Lucilla*) stay you here,
My maid and I will goe a secret way,
Towards my chamber, for I greatly feare,
Some of my guard vs absent finde to day.
Which heavens defend, I rather chuse to dye,
Then any should our secret meeting spye.

Heavens know (quoth he) Madam that I much more
Respect your honour, then my life or blood,
So may you well perswaded be therefore,
Your smallest griefe will me of ioy denude.
Much more the scandall of your honour'd name
In my default, would make me still exclaime.

There-

AND LUCILLA.

Therefore farewell, but ô what did I speake,
Ambitious tongue, darst vtter such a word,
The thought of farewell makes my heart so sicke,
That twentie tongues its grieve cannot record,
Yet thy departure necessare I finde,
Then go in peace, though much against my minde.

When she was gone, *Calanthrop* presently
Went to his Page, and summar'ly directed
Him towards *Epyre* to goe instantly,
And see that he the fairest ship elected,
And brought with him vnto that selfe same land,
Where now they were: the boy went at command

Vnto *Epyre*, and there he did prepare
Into the Citie of *Nicopolis*,
A stately ship, strong, swift, and passing faire,
And likewise lookt that nothing was amisse,
Skild marriners he got, who would take paine
To rule the ship, then hastes he back againe.

This time *Calanthrop* better did attend
The Duke then ever he before had vsd,
Since his intent was ne're a wished end
No kinde of paines, nor travell he refusd,
Could yeeld the Duke in any sort delight,
Yet mindes to serve him with a short good night.

Lucilla was not idlie exercysde
For how soone she had shewd her loving Maid
Who her knight was, together they devysd
Time to eschew, yet women are so fraid
In such attempts, that though desire abound,
Each weake designe their weaker wits confound.

For now they think, what if the guard awake
When they are gone, and follow after fast,
And finding them, with shame should bring them backe,
The thought hereof makes their fraid hearts agast,
And now anone love courage them affords,
To strampe their foes, though all their foes had swords.

Th

CALANTHROP

Thus long time were they much perplext with thought,
Of their escape, *Calanthrop* being alone,
His Page return'd, and shew him he had brought
The ship to shore, and all that he had done,
Into a port, *Taranto's* gulph beside,
Your ship (quoth he) and mariners abide.

Sweet boy (quoth *Calanthrop*) thou hast done well
To helpe thy master out of this distresse,
Goe to *Sophona*, and to her reveale
Thy diligence in this our businesse.
Likewise do aske her, when she thinkes it meete,
That I her mistresse to be gone intreate.

By chance *Sophona* now stood by the gate,
The Page salutes her, tels to her comfort,
He brought a ship, then willd he her dilate
What time his master fittest might resort
To take them hence, and lib'rate them of thrall,
Stay then (quoth she) and quickly that I shall.

She swiftly went, return'd againe and told
Him, that the time was best the second night,
And willd him to his master such vnfold,
That *Luna's* change would then prevent her light,
Therefore it's best when that the night is darke,
That we (quoth she) our selves with speed imbarke.

Shortly the Page did to his master show
The second night *Lucilla* had requir'd
Him to attend the garden wall below
By twelve a clock, for then have they conspir'd
To come away, so Sir, take you choyce horses,
Then need wee not to feare pursuers forces.

Calanthrop at the time appointed came
Vnto the place, where soone hee got a view
Of his sweet love *Lucilla*, beauteous Dame,
Accomp'nied onely by *Sophona* true,
Telling (quoth he) faire Ladies you're too blame,
To walke abroad so late, doe you not shame?

AND LUCILLA.

Friend (quoth *Lucilla*) what doe you expect?
For robbrie sure, and for no other thing,
Indeed I should have been more circumspect,
For why yon little trunke my maid doth bring,
If rightly searcht, more worth it will be found
Then of good English coyne twelve thousand pound.

But you to prove a kingly robber now,
Belike intend, who take our selves and all,
No, stay my friend, what mind you? how now? how?
Is't so indeed? you'l force me then to call
For ayd: yet rather I'le conceale my state,
Then folk should know I were abroad so late.

Thus merrily they talkt, to horse they went,
Then to their ship the ready way they tooke,
Ere they attain'd the shore the night was spent,
The Page by chance did or'e his shoulder looke,
And there he saw a sight he did not please,
Yea it his master likewise did vnease.

The Dukes whole guard and knights came ov'r a plaine,
On horse and foot where then *Lucilla* lay,
But ere they came, *Calanthrop* though with pain,
Imbarkt the Ladies, yet was forc't to stay
Himselfe on land his Lady to defend,
Against all those who her returne intend.

One railing knight cry es, Yeeld, you villaine, you,
And render those faire Ladies you have stolne,
Else by the sacred gods above I vow,
I shall cut off thy head: with rage so swolne
Calanthrop was, he could not speak a word,
But yet with courage he vntheathes his sword.

The knight confronts him, reaching him a blow,
Then to his guard returnes for his defence,
The wound was not so great as was the show,
Yet *Calanthrop* did yeeld him recompence,
Telling him first that he must now forgoe
His life, the which immediatly prov'd so.

CALANTHROP

The knight thus kild, the rest beset him round,
His noble sword now stood him in good stead,
Lucilla ever shrunke when he got wound,
Each blow he got her tender heart made bleed,
Yet mongst his foes, he strokes so strong did lend,
That each were glad their wages to suspend.

Lucilla seeing *Calanthrop* had kild
Great numbers of her native countrey men,
Her heart with pittie towards them was fild,
Their cries and dying groanes so griev'd her when
Their life expir'd, that she was forc't to crye
Thus to *Calanthrop* when she saw them dye.

Stay, stay thy murthering sword, sweete heart (quoth she)
And suffer some of those my people live,
Not for themselves, yet doe for love of mee,
Their lookes and wretched state my heart doth grieve,
Spare them, deare love, for they my people be,
They doe repent that they offended thee.

Her gracious words did penetrate his eare,
That now his heart with pittie did relent,
He spares his blowes, and doth himselfe retire,
His wearie armes, to rest give their consent,
Till that he saw some boates goe to assaile
Those in the ship where they might soone prevaile.

But then he quickly in a boat did leap,
Where that three ships-boyes, and two knights abode,
The knights he kild, the boyes for feare did weepe.
Yet to his ship where shee lay in the roade,
He made them row, though much against their will,
Through feare or force he mov'd them to it still.

First sight he saw when that hee went aboard,
A mariner before his face lay slaine,
To him that kild him he did thanks affoord,
That he thereafter never tasted paine.
But when his foes his valour well did note,
He was most happy that could gaine a boate.

AND LUCILLA.

For like a mad man went he vp and downe,
Making great numbers welter in their blood,
Others for to eschew his sword did drowne
Themselves for feare into the raging flood,
In end the ship he emptied of the rest,
Then to *Lucilla* he himselfe adrest,

She and her maid *Sophona* her beside,
Sate vnder ore-lap in a quyet place,
Calanthrops Page his masters wounds most wide
Bath'd and bound vp, then with a pleasant grace,
To hoise their sailes, hee Mar'ners did intreate,
Thereafter went hee to *Lucilla* sweete.

Madam (quoth he) what thought you of this sport
We had to day? was't not a goodly game?
Sweet love (quoth she) it nothing did comfort
Me for to see you exercise the same.
For though my father, or my lover gaine
The victorie, I looser must remaine.

But since that one of you must victor prove,
I love my father well I must confesse,
Yet neither him, nor life, to thee my love
I doe respect, this much I must expresse,
But ah, my countrey people are forlorne
This day for me, they to their graves are borne.

But yet there's one thing that doth grieve mee more,
As (God knowes) I most speciall reason had,
To sit and see thy blood diffusd in store,
In my default: what marvell I be sad?
But come (quoth she) thy wounds I will vntye,
For I some Balsam thereto must apply.

He telles her there's no need, yet still shee vrg'd
Him to vntye them, for (quoth she) I'me sure,
It's best your wounds be mundify'd and purg'd,
Though you will not admit no other cure.
His Page vnties them, *Sophona* betwixt
Them stept, and faind as she some vnguents mixt.

Goe hence (quoth she) *Sophona* let me see
Those wounds, els nothing can remove my feares,
She viewes them well, yet with a weeping eye:
For she infused in stead of Balsam teares.

Madam (quoth he) I very much admire,
This Balsam which you vse should be so cleare,

I'me glad (quoth she) sweet heart to see thee so,
Thy ioyfull humour will my teares restraine,
This liquid vnguent did proceed of woe,
She oynts his wounds, and binds them vp againe,
Now came a boy, and told them that right neare
The Ile of *Safon* did to them appeare,

And that the Pilot sent him to enquire
If they intended for to view the Ile,
For this day you can no way gaine *Epyre*,
And little *Safon* is within a mile.
Likewise it's best that wee a harbour finde
In time, for now it blowes a mightie winde.

Then (quoth *Calanthrop*) to the Iland goe,
If that you feare the tempest will increase,
For now I trust we need not feare no foe,
If seas and windes desist vs to oppresse.
The boy acquaints the Pilot that he should,
Saile towards *Safon* with what haste he could.

Hard by the Iland in an harbour brave
When Sunne was set, they made their anchors fall,
To land *Lucilla* would *Calanthrop* have,
Where they erect Pavillions large and tall,
Amidst a wood, and there that night they staid,
For why, the storme the Ladies much dismaid.

But on the morne the storme was so decreast,
That it was turned to a new extreame
For such a calme both Seas and Aire possesse
Their Ship could no where faile, and they esteeme
The Ile so pleasant, that they now resolve
Themselves some further in the wood to involve

So for their disport, after they had dyn'd,
Calanthrop and *Lucilla* walkt along
From all the rest, vnto a place refyn'd,
Where pretty birds by their melodious song
Gave such content, that on a little mount
They laid them downe, hard by a pleasant fount.

This hill with Cypresse trees was all inclosde,
With Mirtle, Bay-tree, and such sort of wood,
On blooming boughes the birds their cares reioyc'd,
Sweet sinelling Cypresse did their braines much good,
Each various obiect by their sev'ral dyes,
As trees, hearbes, floures, delighted much their eyes.

The pleasant murmure of the crystall spring,
Suggests *Lucilla* that she should desire,
Calanthrop to be pleas'd some dittie sing,
The which she did, and doth her suite acquire,
For to a Mandore shee brought from her tent,
He sung this Poeme, wishing her content.

CALANTHROP HIS PANEGRICKE.

Above the skies where gods doe move,
Each severall deitie honours Love,
And entertaine the same.
Likewise the powers of fire and aire,
In concord keep their motions rare,
Despising hatreds name.
The liquid powers of groundlesse sea
A sympathie affect,
And earthly powers nat'rally
Sweet amitie affect.
Day bright Sunne, night shine Moone,
And starres which twinkling shine,
Planets tell, and signes twell
Eoues Dettie is diuine.

The airie Fowles, and Birds which sing,
Through love are mov'd to welcome spring
at his desir'd returne.
Apollo and the Muses nine,
On Parnasse still without repine,
In mutuall love sojourne.
The fish and monsters of the flood,
Through love, their kinde supplic,
Beasts wilde and tame finde love so good.
They love to multiplie.
The three Fates rule the states
Without iarre of our life,
Graces three, doe agree
Vnitely without strife.

The Faunes and Satyrs of the woods,
The Sylvans, Dryads, each concludes
To reverence Ventis Boy.
Vallonia and the Nymphes of plaines,
Limoniads which in meads remaines
A kinde of love enjoy.
The Oreads which the mountaines haunt,
love towards other have,
The Nymphs which of their beauty Gaunt
They Venus aid doe crave,
The Furies and Fairies,
Which tripe each pleasant green,
With Naiads and Nereids,
Doe all adore Loves Queene.

Trees which in thickest woods doe grow,
And deepes which neither ebbe nor flow,
to love their kinde appeare.
The flowres which beautifie the fields,
And vertuous hearbs which physick yeelds,
Doe fructifie each yeare.
Nature makes plants through Sympathie,
Affect their mother Earth,
And Earth she makes in like degree
yearely renue their birth.

And

And floods when you see them
By confluence they meete
Voyd of harmes, each in armes,
Imbrace, and other greet.

Since sacred gods doe Love adore,
And each immorrall power, therefore
Let humanes him obey,
Since the Caelestiall Firmament
And everie sev' rall element
Love, reverence night and day,
Since Sunne and Moone, who yeeld vs light
and starres transparent cleare,
Since the twelve signes, and planets bright,
at name of Cupid feare,
Fowles and fish, Muses wish
Monsters of sea and land,
Fates and Graces, with sweet faces,
And beasts, Loves Deitie stand.

Since Gods & Nymphs of woods & meads,
Of hilles and Vales, and those exceeds
All other Nymphes in beautie.
Since Nymphes of Seas and Rivers too,
And Furies, Fairies likewise doe
To Love confesse a dutie,
Since trees, brooks, rivers, hearb & flowre,
And all which serve mans vse,
Since all which live, or move, each howre
May man to love induce,
Should not wee, then who bee
Most subiect unto reason,
Condiscend, to extend
Loves power in the season?

But oh, what reason then have I
Whom Gods and men doe both envie
For my Lucilla faire,
To honour Cupid and his dame,
And evermore their praise proclaime

Where ever I repaire,
Who have so richly me possesse
of the most beateous creature,
That eye hath seene, or tongue exprest,
and of most comely feature.
In each art, I'll impart
Her beautie, Natures praise,
For her sake, I shall make
Homage to Love alwayes.

Thus having sung, he renders to his deare
The litle Mandore she of late him lent
Intreating if his song dislik't her care,
To pardon him, for such a bad intent
He swore ne're harbour'd in his loyall brest,
The which to witnesse, *Venus* he attest.

Sweet servant (quoth she) you doe still preveene
Me by your court'sie, which I much admire,
In right I must, if any wrong had beene,
Remit it freely, for I did require
You for to sing, which since at my request
You did: To yeeld you thanks it is the least.

Now waxt it late, *Phabus* was gone to rest,
And Heards their flockes drave to their wonted fold,
The singing birds went chirping to their nest,
The Owle late skrieking in an Hollyne old
Therefore those lovers now forsooke their place,
And to their tent they walkt a comely pace.

When they had new refresht themselves with food,
And each one minded for to goe to bed,
One came and told the winde was marv'lous good,
And therefore willd them ev'rie thing exped.
So loath to let such good occasion slip,
Each one went presently aboard the ship.

They weigh their ankers, and they hoysse their saile,
And now they lanch forth quickly in the deepe,
A west north-west yeelds them a prosperous gale,
The ship vpon the tops of waves did leape.
But on the morrow by the breake of day,
They saw a saile make towards them right way.

Yet they (sweet folk) their course kept without feare,
Still towards *Epire*, as they had intended,
Little knew they this was a man of warre,
And though they had, they could not have defended,
He gain'd the wind-ward, emptied all their sheetes,
Then with a brasse-peece rudely he them greetes.

They by no meane were able to resist,
Again he shootes, yet never speakes a word,
Force must they yeeld, thinke of it as they list,
His ship then theirs was taller by a boord.
In end he offers peace if they will render,
Which they accept, for each their life did tender.

The Pyrat boords them, took what he thought fit,
At last by chance hee lookes, and doth espye
The Paragon of beautie weeping sit,
And kinde *Sophona* doing so, her by,
Seeing them weepe, he neerer doth resort,
With good intent the Ladies to comfort.

Calanthrop all this while was kept fast,
For he had kild two when they first did enter,
Downe in the rume the Souldiers had him cast,
Sixe did attend him, for they durst not venter
To leave him, fearing hee himselfe would kill,
Therefore they stayd to know their Captaines will.

But whilst the captaine by the Ladies stood,
Earnestly viewing faire *Lucilla's* face,
Her beautie wounds him so, that to conclude,
He at his captive' gins to suite for grace,
Wich she (wise Lady) would not flat refuse,
Lest that he might the prisoners abuse.

Now came a Sergeant, willd the Captaine show
What was his will concerning him they kept,
For he hath kild your best commanders two,
As for the rest, you them to grace accept.

Since (quoth *Lucilla*) of no bad pretence
That man those kild, but in his owne defence,

In this respect (good Captaine) I intreat
You him to pardon, whatsoe're he be,
The Captaine, since her sute was so discrete,
Sayd to his Sergeant, bring him here to mee.
And Lady (quoth hee) for thy sake hee shall
Not die I sweare, though he had kild them all.

Calanthrop to their Captaine they present,
He pardons him, his love did so abound
Towards *Lucilla* : likewise gave assent
That all the rest of captives there were found,
Went to their shippe, all such as pleasd to goe,
For, save the Ladies, hee would keepe no more.

The Captaines shippe was by some blind-rocke brusde,
To land they must, before the breach they mend,
This voyage all the robbers much confusde,
Yet since to land they must, they all intend
Towards *Zacynthus* Pyratts harbour sure,
Whose wooddie toppes, their toppe-masts will obscure.

There they amended all their shippes defect,
But yet the greatest fault they have not seene,
The fault was this, the ship did not eieft
Those miscreant robbers which shee did containe.
But theeves as well as marchants saile the flood
Even as the Sunne doth shine on bad and good.

Calanthrop here dismiss his *Epirots*,
And faind as though with robbers hee tooke part,
Yet he a secret time to them denotes,
When they should see him, which reioyce't their heart.
They towards *Epire*, Pyrates to the sea,
Were quickly gone, glad of their late supplea.

And now the Captaine'gins againe to suite
The faire *Lucilla*, who did still reiect
His kindest offers, then by golden fruite
Hee thinkes to move her, him for to affect.

But since he saw that nothing could allure
Her for to love, or his content procure.

By force hee mindesto give himsefse content,
So he desir'd to speak with her alone.
But now the chastering frustrate his intent,
And his assaults the vertue of its stone
When he applyd his strength, did make him quaille,
And still he marveld why his strength should faile.

Now he esteemes *Lucilla* for a witch
For why no perswasives allure her could,
Nor yet could gifts, which might her much enrich,
Nor could he gaine by force the thing he would.
Therefore by threats he seeks her to perswade,
For this his last repulse had made him mad.

Sometimes hee had remarkt her kindly looke
Towards *Calanthrop* : this incenc't his ire,
For never Rivall yet could other brooke,
Though onely lust had set their hearts on fire.
Therefore if shee will not his suite allow,
To kill her hee doth execrably vow.

And lest (quoth he) thou thinke I doe dissemble,
I'll first cause kill the knight that's with you here,
(Oh how her heart at this sad tale did tremble)
That by his death (quoth hee) thou death mayst feare,
Thus sent he Sergeants waiting on him there,
To bid the knight for death himsefse prepare.

No, stay (quoth she) for by the heavens I sweare,
If you doe harme him, you shall nere acquirre
My love : therefore it's best in time forbearre
Such curst intent, if ever you aspire
To gaine my favour : therefore doe not grieve
Me so : for I behinde him will not live.

CALANTHROP

And is it so (quoth he?) Im'e for you then,
Faith all the earth now shall not save his life,
Yea though the world could yeeld no other men
Then now are here, for sure you are his wife.
So whilst he lives, my will I'le nere effect,
But being dead, I may some good expect.

By heavens (quoth she) my husband is hee not,
Yet since you'le kill him, pray you kill me first,
That he (sweet soule) by me may be forgot,
Shortly dispatch, since for our blood you thirst.
No (quoth the Captaine) it is my desire,
His breath that lets my ioy, doe first expire.

But whilst his wretch't intent hee prosecuted,
The gods (belike) would no way have it so,
For by a thundring noyse they him refused,
And suddaine storme, that each were glad to goe,
Prepare themselves for death as well as hee,
The captaine fearedest of the companie.

The storme increast, *Boreas* (it seem'd) had sworne
To pull vp *Neptune* from his watry Cell,
The raging seas on wings of windes were borne,
Minding *Vulcanus* from his reigne t' expell,
The swelling Surges of the seas profound,
Our gallant Captaines courage did confound.

For on those seas he Pyrate did remaine
Twelve yeares before, yet never saw such storme
In all his life, nor never shall againe,
Iust heavens revenge, when men will not reforme.
Many nights past, yet came this worser day,
Which made the Pyrats (not in vse) to pray.

But vrg'd devotion doth not oft prevaile,
So prov'd it here, for still a Northerne winde
Them to the coast of *Africa* doth haile,
And which was worst, no harbour could they find.
In end *Neptunus* bore them on his backe,
Vnto the greater *Syrtis*, where they wracke.

There

AND LUCILLA.

There dy'd the Captaine and his cursed mates,
And *Calanthrops* kinde Page there also dy'd,
If they had time they would revile the Fates,
Calanthrop got a boord, but now he spy'd
Lucilla by him, fleeing on a wave,
So from his boord he went, her life to save.

A little he could swimme, not very well,
At last he caught her, set her on his boord,
Now though he dy'd, he thought he would not feele
No paine, since that the heavens did him affoord
Such happinesse, as to preserve her breath,
Whose beauteous presence had astonisht death.

Through fort'nate chance they did acquire the land,
Hard by the high and woodie *Cephalas*,
Which Promontorie doth directly stand
Where *Syrtis* doth beginne: but or they passe
Any where furer, they *Calanthrops* Page
Dead doe perceive, for now the storme did swage.

On sands he lay, (oh how his face lookt pale)
Lucilla could not choose, but now shee wept
His master doth histimelesse death bewaile,
Yet when he mindes himselfe had almost slept
In *Nereus* mansion, hee left off to mourne,
And to *Lucilla* did againe returne.

Now since hee's dead, they doe themselves apply
To finde *Sophona*, dead, or els aliue,
And as they seeke amongst the rockes to trye
For her, they see her ready to arrive,
The *Fates* with happy fortune so her blest,
She came to land vpon her mistresse chest.

They welcom'd her, then altogether went
And with sad hearts inter'd *Calanthrops* boy,
When they had done, they all with one consent,
Each other toward *Cephalas* convoy
Where they in silence spent that wearie night,
Longing to see faire *Phabus* come in sight.

When

When day appeard, and that the night was past
They went to finde some village, or some towne,
For, gainst their will they kept a two-dayes fast,
The wearie Ladies by the way fate downe
To rest themselves: *Calanthrop* found a boy
Who said hee would to *Tapra* them convoy.

Riding hee was, a spare horse in his hand
He held, whereof *Calanthrop* was most glad,
Yet at the boy hee humbly did demand
For money leave to ride: to which the Lad
Gave good attendance, telling him for pay
He should them horse to *Tapra* all the way.

Calanthrop gives him coyne, the boy alights,
And told him likewise that hee had some bread,
If they were hungry, to refresh their sprights.
Likewise some wine, if they thereof had need.
The bread and wine *Calanthrop* from him takes,
Thereof for Ladies (noble banquet) makes.

When they had done, *Calanthrop* much admir'd
A barbarous boy to them was so discrete,
To know his name therefore hee much desir'd,
The which the boy did willingly recite,
My name (quoth hee) Sir is *Philodespot*,
Likewise by birth I am an *Epirot*.

I'me glad (quoth *Calanthrop*) for so am I,
(At this *Lucilla* could not chuse but smile)
But (quoth *Calanthrop*) pray thee tell me why
Thou in *Barbaria* loves to stay this while?
Sir (quoth the boy) our ship was run a-ground
By this late storme, where my sweet master drownd.

And now since I a master lacke, I goe
To *Tapra*, for to try if I can finde
Some shippe, going for *Greece*, that I may so
Transported be, which much will ease my minde.
Please thee (quoth *Calanthrop*) I'll give thee wage,
If thou wilt stay with me, and be my page.

I am

I am content (quoth he) Sir, if you please,
Yet much I long my native soyle to see,
But yet it will my minde most greatly ease,
To serve or be in honest companie.
So horse those Ladies, I shall be their guide,
Behinde you one, the other me shall ride.

Forwards they journey'd towards *Tapra* Citie,
But by the way (misfort'nate accident)
The vilest tyrant, lecherous, lacking pittie,
That breath'd, or mov'd beneath the firmament,
They met withall, *Anxifer* was his name,
Of *Cyrenaica* king: yet lacking shame.

This shamelesse tyrant, when that hee perceiv'd
Such matchlesse beautie have so slender guard,
He and his comp'nie bea stillily behav'd
Themselves, not caring what came afterward.
For many wounds they to *Calanthrop* gave,
Thereafter of his Ladies him berave.

Two great misfortunes *Calanthrop* did prove,
For first the Ladies were bereft him there,
Next, was so wounded, that he scarce could move,
But yet the losse of his *Lucilla* faire,
More then his wounds did aggravate his griefe
Though his kinde Page did yeeld him great reliefe.

For hee on horse set him, when they were gone,
So, through great labour, they the Citie gain'd.
But oh! to heare what wofull wailing mone
The Ladies made, when as they were constrain'd
To part with *Calanthrop*, and hee so wound,
That sight the gladdest heart might have confounded.

Calanthrop through his wounds was forc't to stay
In *Tapra* Citie for a weeke or two,
Then towards *Epire* he without delay
And his kinde Page, addrest themselves to goe,
Minding a navie shortly for to bring
Towards *Corena*, and besiege the King.

For

For in *Corena* did this king abide,
This *Anxifer*, who did *Calanthrop* wrong,
In *Cyrenaisca* hard by the sea side,
Corena stands, a Citie matchlesse strong,
The tyrant to this towne the Ladies brought,
Where many times he villanies had wrought.

Now must we leave *Calanthrop* in *Epire*,
Levyng his forces with what haste he can,
And speak of those faire Ladies who were here
Kept in *Corena* by this div'lish man.
This *Anxifer*, that monster for a King,
Who fought the Ladies to dishonour bring.

For when he was (as pittie were) returnd
Vnto *Corena*, he made shut each gate,
Toward *Lucilla* he in lust so burn'd,
That he waxt carelesse of his owne estate,
Save onely that he lov'd to be secure,
Till time he might his vile content procure.

Therefore hee to a chamber quickly went,
Taking *Lucilla* with him all alone,
Minding for to effectuate his intent,
Which he (I thinke) might easily have done,
Had not the vertue of the Ladies ring
Him disappointed of his curst designe,

But when he saw that strength could not prevaile,
Nor that he could not purchase her owne grant,
Another way he mindes her to assaile,
And that was this: Some Sorcerers did hant
Much in that palace, for those hath he sent,
And bids them make that Lady be content

To bed with him: or else show him a cause
Why hee could not doe what hee did intend,
Or else he sweares that without any pause,
Their wretched soules to *Pluto* he shall send,
They him request some space them to allow.
To morrow this time (quoth he) else I vow

You

You all shall hang: thus *Anxifer* dismiss
Those gracelesse Sor'cers, who in one accord
Their master invoke, and so insist
Continually, till he sent them this word,
Lucilla faire, she keepes *Calisto's* ring
On her left hand whose vertue lets your King

Vnto the King the morrow went they all,
And told him that a ring was all his stay,
On her left hand shee keepes it, they it call
Calistos ring, (quoth they) therefore assay
If you can any way that ring acquire,
Then are you sure t'accomplish your desire.

Of this the King was glad, gave them reward,
Charging them that to none they should impart
What they had told him, then without regard
Of honour, went he with a merrie heart
Vnto *Lucilla's* chamber, whose estate
No heart so hard, but must the same regrade.

She and *Sophona* bitterly did weepe,
Yet nothing did the tyrants heart relent,
Why doe you thus (quoth he) a mourning keepe?
Faire Ladies doe not so: O be content,
For thou whose beautie gave my heart its wound,
Vpon thy head (quoth he) I'll set my crowne,

Which if thou wilt not willingly receive,
Then shall you both be vylie prostitute
To each base villaine, and each filthy slave,
Then to the death I shal you persecute.
Yet e're you dye the hangman shall abuse
You both, if thou to be my wife refuse.

Sir (quoth *Sophona*) pray let vs advise
Some little space, which choyce of those to take,
For who so doth a marriage enterprife,
Should well advise before the match they make.
So Sir remove, and doe appease your wrath,
For be you sure, each flesh abhorreth death.

The

The King went to his Sorcerers, and told
How that by threats he hoped to attaine
The Ladies love : and to them doth vnfold
That for their magick they should still remaine
With him, and honour'd bee as men of worth,
If their advice good successe now brought forth,

But now *Sophona* to her mistresse sayd,
Madame (quoth she) bewailes doe nought availe
You see with tyrants, and I am afraid
That he with beastly furie vs assaile,
If that hee see his hopes are each way spent,
Therefore it's best you seeme to bee content,

For I am sure before the time bee long,
Calanthrop will see his *Lucilla* faire,
And then most sure hee will revenge our wrong,
Our losses all hee likewise will repaire,
To wed the tyrant therefore condescend,
For sure your ring your honour will defend,

Lucilla likewise thought this course the best,
Their present shame and danger to prevent,
By this the tyrant came, and did request
Them now to show him what was their intent,
Lucilla told him, much against her minde,
She would become his wife, if hee were kinde,

Whereto he swore, that hee should so her love,
That after-ages should admire the same,
And each one should his loyaltie approve,
And for the wrong he penitent became,
Which he had done her: then he caus'd conuene
His barbarous nobles for to see his Queene.

The very morne must be the wedding day,
He longs so much his faire Queene to enioy,
The heat of lust can hardly brooke delay,
His barbarous Lords to morrow him convoy
Vnto a Church, where he his Queen did wed,
Would see him hang'd, ere shee with him would bed.

In diuers sports they spent the afternoone,
Ne're was bridegrome more ioyfull or more glad,
Vnto their chamber are they quickly gone,
Never was Bride more sorrowful or sad,
Yet in her ring she specially reposed,
Not knowing that its vertue was disclosd

Vnto the tyrant, by a diu'lish art,
Else all the world could not have mov'd her goe
To keepe this tyrant companie apart,
No feare of death could her have frighted so,
As to involve her honour in such danger,
To bee alone with such a barb'rous stranger.

Now being alone, the King his Queene intreates
To come to bed. which suite she doth deny.
How so (quoth hee) then summarily recites
He all her promises, and asks her why
Shee doth refuse, since that shee is his wife,
To bed with him, as she should all her life?

Then lifting her left hand, hee faines to kisse
The same, and she no other did expect
But treach'rously hee did her more amisse
At vnawares: for hee without respect
Of teares, or cries, pulld from her fairer hand
The chaste ring, which she no way could gainstand,

So on the bed hee faire *Lucilla* threw,
Fully resolv'd his pleasure to fulfill,
He findes that once the Sorc'ers have prov'd true,
And yet he must be frustrate of his will.
For why *Lucilla* did the heavens implore
To save her honour though she dy'd therefore,

The gods (it seem'd) did grant the Ladies suite,
For such a shaking did the King possesse,
That his designe hee could not prosecute,
Iust heavens doe still such villanie repress,
When earthly meanes the vertuous minded faile,
Then sacred Powers by their strength prevaile,

For though *Lucilla* could no way resist
This tyrant king, heavens pittied her estate,
And so those heavenly powers ever blift,
In time gave aid, whilst shee her grieve relate,
For now the tyrant vile began to bleed,
And soone thereafter on the floore fell dead.

This sight amaz'd *Lucilla's* tender spright,
So that shee cald the guard for to appeare
Then vp they came, for they had watcht all night,
But when they saw the King was dead, such feare
Posselt them, that they scarce could well take hold
Of faire *Lucilla*, who the truth them told.

Yet ever thinking she the king had kild,
Their wrath and furie did so farre abound,
That both the Lords and Citizens have wild
The guard to put in prison most profound
The Lady that this murther did coact,
Vntill such time as shee confest the fact.

Her maid beg'd leave to keepe her companie,
And then the guard to Iayle did them commit,
Lucilla fully is resolv'd to dye
What death they please, e're shee thus prison'd sit.
But now (sweet Lady) voyd of all comfort,
Shee to *Sophona* spake in this same sort,

How now *Sophona*, had it not been good
That in *Calabria* we as yet had staid?
Then had our friends not spent for vs their blood,
Nor we thus prison'd, been for death affraid,
Iust are the heavens who though into their ire,
They punish me with flames of sacred fire.

Even me who have my fathers will repress,
Despising counsell (*Natures* kinde respect)
By which I brought grieve to his aged breast,
Who me (vile wretch) intirely did affect.
Sweet heavens (quoth shee) to dye for my offence
I'm glad, so death my misse can recompence.

But

But yet, (aye me) *Calanthrop* my sweete knight,
Could I refuse to goe away with thee?
Since in thy selfe is plac't my whole delight,
Likewise thy ioyes I'm sure are fixt in mee,
Therefore I vow, that death, or greatest paine
I can for thee endure, shall be my gaine.

Sweete Madam (quoth *Sophona*) well resolv'd,
Though spitefull *Fortune* at this time vs crosse,
And vs in woe hath guiltlesly involv'd,
Yet if with patience wee can brooke our losse,
We pay her home: for none can more iniure
Fortune, then patiently their crosse indure.

And for your knight, though you great grieve sustaine,
Most sure the like him likewise doth annoy,
For, till hee see *Lucilla* faire againe,
I'm sure his heart will never peace enioy,
Our grieve's at height, then Madam be content,
For, vehemencies are not permanent.

Whilst thus they spake, the Iaylor did them call,
Told them that presently they must compeare
Before the Iudges in the Iustice hall,
So with him went the Ladies, (void of feare)
Lucilla to the Iudges did dilate
The simple truth of all the present state.

Yet for all that, shee was adiudg'd to dye,
And so to Iayle the Ladies did returne,
But oh! iust heavens, have a disposing eye,
Which oft relieve the wofull hearts that mourne,
For, now they sent the Ladies aid from sea,
Who can & shall their wretched state supplea.

The morne, alive midst fire, to yeeld their breath
Were they condemn'd: this was their punishment
The one as accessarie to his death,
The other as the actor eminent,
But yet, *Calanthrop* lately came ashore,
E're they doe so, I trust will aske wherefore.

H

For

CALANTHROP

For now hee sent *Philodespot* to towne,
To trye if he could with the Ladies meete,
The Page knew all the countrey vp and downe,
Therefore his maister doth him now intreate,
To try what newes hee heard, or where the strength
Of all the towne lay: so the boy at length

Went and return'd: then to his maister shew
The towne was all in armes, and much agast,
So, of the Ladies he could get no view,
For they into a Dungeon deepe were cast,
The King was dead, and ev'rie one reports
Two Ladies had him kild who were comforts.

At this report inrag'd *Calanthrop* swears,
He will besiege the towne: that's not the best
(Quoth divers of his Lords) for it appears
Since they're in armes, for warre they are address,
Therefore let vs some stratagem invent,
Them to ov'r-throw, & frustrate their intent.

Sir (quoth a Captaine old) I pray you heare,
Your Page tells that the execution place
Is distant from the towne a mile right neare,
To morrow when they come, in any case,
Let vs obscure our selves by the sea side
Till they come forth: our forces then divide.

Your forces are some eighteen thousand strong,
Of beaten Souldiers, well expert in warre,
Who vow to dye, or else revenge your wrong,
To morrow then when Citizens appeare,
See you attend the place where as they minde
To kill the Ladies: some shall stay behinde,

And goe betwixt them and their Citie-gates,
By this meane shall we stop them to retire,
Then let them raile on *Fortune* and the *Fates*,
And when they cry for mercie, stop your eare
Till time they yeeld their Citie and their lives
To you: likewise their children, goods and wives.

It's well advise (quoth *Calanthrop*) therefore
I doe applaud: our shippes are out of sight,
It seemes the gods doe ayd vs more and more,
Blest be those pow'rs who favour still the right,
The morne the Burgers came, who did intend
To kill the Ladies, whom the heavens defend.

Calanthrop and his forces with great rage,
Ov'r-threw the Burgers, who were full of feare,
Still was he guided by his loving Page,
Each in his Armie crying still *Epire*.
Now fled the Burgers for to seeke refuge,
Vnto their Citie, where they must not ludge.

For why, *Calanthrops* forces were betwixt
Them and the towne, so forc't them back againe,
No where about could one their eyes have fixt,
But they should see numbers of Burgers slaine,
Heavens (quoth *Lucilla*) what moves all this sturre?
To kill vs two, you need small force concur.

At last *Sophona* gave attentive eare,
For why, she marveld what should move them stay,
Then presently, shee heares men cry *Epire*,
Madam (quoth she) we will not dye to day.
With that *Calanthrop* cries, vntye, vntye
Those Ladies, else by heavens you all shall dye.

The which they did, not daring to gain-stand,
Calanthrop doth *Lucilla* faire embrace,
And then *Sophona*: now he gives command
All who had captives, to remove a space,
Yet see that no man did a Burger kill
Till time they knew what was their Princes will.

Anone the captives they to him present,
He graciously to mercie them receav'd,
The captives then their Cities keyes have sent
Vnto *Calanthrop*, seeing hee behav'd
Himselfe so meekly, sparing all their bloods,
To him they rendred Citie, lands, and goods.

Then to the Citie went hee, where his forces
Receiv'd him and *Lucilla* ioyfully,
On foot they stood in armes, for now their horses
Were put a part, yet lookt to carefully,
So *Calanthrop* and faire *Lucilla* went
Vnto the Palace with no meane content.

There hee directs his Souldiers all in armes
To keepe their centries carefully each night,
So should they still be ready for alarmes,
But see how soone that ere the day grew light,
Others, in stead of those should cent'nel keep,
That those who watcht already, might goe sleepe.

When they had supt, and it was time to rest,
The Ladies to their chamber he convoyd,
Thereafter *Morpheus* so his eyes posselt,
That hee in bed, till day, one sleepe enioyd.
Then hee arose, and willd his Page goe see
If that the Ladies lov'd have companie.

Or if the Ladies sleeping were, or not,
Or if they counted all their sorrowes past,
And if their by-past grieve was all forgot,
For he with them intended break his fast.
The Page went and awake *Sophona* found,
But sweet *Lucilla*, yet was sleeping sound.

Sophona to the Page most softly spake,
Asking what rest that night his master got,
Yet through their speech *Lucilla* did awake,
And seeing that it was *Philodespot*,
She cald him to her, askt him for his Lord.
Hee told her hee was well, and every word

Even as before his Lord did him direct.
Tell him (quoth she) he banisht hath my sorrow,
And that I doe his presence here expect
Whilst thus she spake, *Calanthrop* gives good morrow,
To her, and to *Sophona*, for no way
His page so stayd, hee could endure to stay.

Cousin (quoth she) pray who hath sent for you
To come into my chamber you're too bold.
Madam (quoth he) I cannot helpe that now
If I returne not: then in armes hee fold
His sweet *Lucilla*, who forgave his misse,
And in her bed disdained not him to kisse.

As thus they sport, a Lord to him was sent,
By all the Princes of the Royall blood,
Intreating humbly he would bee content
To cause interre their king, for it was good,
Since he was dead, that he were had to grave,
And so his last honour of them receive,

The Sepulchre without the Cities wall
Was built most richly all of Marble stone,
Liketo an Obeliske: thither went all
The Lords, and Burgers, yet with no great moane,
The corpes they carrie, buriall to enioy,
Calanthrop likewise did the corpes convoy.

But by the way huge feare all those posselt,
Who bore the corpes, the Coffin did so shake,
A thundring noyse, midst lightning, then exprest
Heavens wrath, which made the stoutest heart to quake.
So each remov'd, expecting the event,
In end, before their eyes, the Coffin rent.

Out of the which there came a fearfull beast,
Like a *Chimera* was this monster wrought,
Fram'd like a Lyon, was it's head and breast,
The body thereof like a Goate was thought,
And like a Dragon, was it's filthie taile,
This beast the whole spectators did assaile.

And so ran raging whersoere hee lists
Amongst those frighted people to and froe,
Till that brave val'rous *Calanthrop* resists
Him, giving him vpon the back a blow,
Which mov'd the beast, finding it selfe to bleed,
Vnto the *Lybian* Forrests run with speed.

CALANTHROP

The beast thus gone, *Calanthrop* and the rest,
(Whose hearts in admiration did abound)
Now to interre the corpes they thought it best,
But when they came, no corpes was to be found,
A scroll they found, the which they did vnfold
And found those following verses writ in gold.

This metamorphose heavens doe right impose
On wretched *Anxifer*, who it deseru'd,
This scroll you read, is sent for to disclose
That cause this tyrant still from honour swerv'd,
Who was a king, and so bare rule above
Others: yet cherisht Vice, ne're would reprove.

For this cause to *Chimera* is he turnd,
Whose Lyons crest resembles crueltie,
And cause in lust (not love) he ever burnd,
His Goat-like bodie imports lecherie,
His Dragons tayle doth evidently shew
Vnlawfull actions oft in end bring woe.

Therefore let his example teach each one
In Rulers places, who conspicuous sit,
Beware of tyranny: for still the more
Of poore oppressed people, heavens admit,
And iustly, when oppressors least expect
Poure forth their wrath on those who wrong effect.

If much before, each one now more admir'd,
For why they finde *Lucilla* had not kild
The king, as they supposed: so they retyrd
Vnto the Citie, where the Princes willd
Calanthrop to accept the noble Crowne
Of *Cyrenaica*, which should much redowne

Vnto his honour, yet hee did refuse,
Telling them that he never did such merit,
Yet will they not admit of his excuse,
For why, they swore, none else should it inherit.
In end, into a place most eminent,
They crown'd *Calanthrop* with his owne consent.

Thereafter was *Lucilla* crowned Queene,
To recompence the wrong she had receiv'd,
Fortunes inconstancie may well bee seene,
In this: for why, those folkes who lately crav'd
To take her life, now as their Queen most fit,
In one accord *Lucilla* they admit.

Thus liv'd *Calanthrop* and his Ladies here
Into *Corena* for a prettie space,
At last *Lucilla* long'd to see *Epire*,
Yet ere *Calanthrop* mov'd from that same place,
In favours of the nearest of the blood
Royall, did of the crowne him selfe denude.

So did *Lucilla* to her endlesse praise,
But yet they ever tendred this respect,
That *Cyrenaican* kings of them alwayes
Should hold their crowne: and likewise should elect
(If that the royall race were dead or gone)
Ever their kings, by their advice alone.

Those Articles the Princes all have sworne,
Likewise they vow, their dearest bloods to spend
In his behalfe, as if he had been borne
Their native king, they vow him to defend.
Thus they convoy *Calanthrop* to the sea,
Giving rich gifts to all his companie.

Now from the coast of *Africa* they goe
Towards *Epire*, with great celeritie,
Smoothly their ships divide the Ocean so
The way they went, cannot discerned bee,
Sweet Southerne windes afford them so good way,
Comarus hav'n they gained without stay.

Then in *Nicopolis* a day or two
They stayd, then went they to *Vallonia*,
Calanthrop now not fearing any foe,
Embassidours sent vnto *Calabria*,
Intreating that the Duke without delay
Would come to *Epire* 'gainst his wedding day

Where many Princes of no meane degree,
 Earles, Lords, and knights, would likewise there expect,
 And give their presence, each as well as hee,
 Hon'ring the nuptials with a great respect,
 The Duke tells them, his presence hee should give,
 They thanke him humbly, then they take their leave.

So to their King *Calanthrop* they returne,
 Told him their answer, whereof hee was glad,
 Now in *Vallonia* did the King sojourne,
 Where'gainst his Nuptials hee provided had
 Each in his court, horse, clothes, and armour brave,
 And each thing requisite their hearts could crave.

Amongst those Courtiers was one gallant knight,
 Hee to *Calanthrop* Cousin-german was,
 (Likewise the King in him tooke great delight,)
 This knight did love *Sophona* that sweete Lasse,
Sophona likewise did the knight affect,
 For why, no wench his carriage could reiect.

Sophona Aunt was to *Lucilla* faire,
 In birth his equall, and such like in love,
 Therefore the King, the Queene, and all were there,
 Applaud this match, and willingly approve
 Their equall choyce, so king and Queene consent
 They wedded be with them, to their content.

O what inestimable ioy and pleasure
 These lovers by this promise did conceive!
 I thinke they brookt it in the greatest measure
 Imag'inarie that mortall creatures have.
 Thus they, swift sliding time in pleasure spend,
 Yet longingly the nuptiall day attend.

Now when this day that every one desir'd
 So much, was come, and Princes, Earles and Lords
 Were present, each one whom the King requir'd,
 Vnto them all *Calanthrop* spake these words,
 Yet to *Calabria's* Prince he did direct
 His speech in speciall, vnto this effect.

MY Princely brethren (quoth hee) I intreate
 You think not hardly I in Armes am clad,
 Nor that my Queen stands maskt: for I'll repeate
 The reason hereof, which yet makes her sad,
 Till she bee wedded, shee'll not show her face,
 Nor I vnarme my selfe in any case.

This is the cause: Of late in *Africa*
 By chance I was (O fort'nate adventure)
 When as the King of *Cyrenaica*
 A tyrant vile, did many one iniure,
 Heavens struck this tyrant with a lethargic,
 So that no physick could his griefe supplie,

This Lady you see here, was then his Queene,
 Yet wedded to him much against her will,
 Hee was found dead vpon the wedding ev'n,
 So each one thought the Queen the king did kill.
 Therefore the Queen and this her waiting maid
 Who likewise must be maskt, as I have sayd,

Vntill she wedded be, imprisond were,
 Thereafter were they both adiudg'd to die
 Before the counsell would their king interre,
 This time a boy acquaints me privilie,
 That two the fairest Ladies that did breath,
 For no offence this day must suffer death.

I hearing that, having an Armie strong
 Hard by *Corena*, for a speciall vse,
 'Cause that dead king before had done me wrong
 I long'd for to revenge that old abuse.
 So I, in spite of his, releiv'd at length,
 Those Ladies two, by stratagemis & strength.

Thereafter homeward I my iourney tooke,
 Those Ladies needes would beare me companie,
 Since for my sake they *Africa* forsooke,
 It had in me been great discourtesie,
 Their kindnesse to reiect in any sort,
 Wherein I tooke thereafter great comfort.

For when I had with admiration gaz'd
Vpon this Ladies beautie stands me next,
Her lovely face my spirits so amaz'd,
That ever since my ioyes in her are fixt,
Likewise, because shee thinkes I sav'd her life,
She is content now to become my wife.

Now you the reason may perhaps admire,
Why she is pleas'd be wedded vnder vaile,
It is their countrey fashion (though not here)
Those that be widowes, ever to bewaile
Their husbands death, with maids in like attire
Till they do wed, their husbands then require

Them vsually, for to leave off to mourne,
Likewise for to cast off their mourning weed,
The which they doe, and so againe returne
To love the quick, and to forget the dead,
This is the cause why those their face obscure,
My Princely brethren hereof be you sure.

But now you may in reason likewise aske,
Why I thus arm'd desire to wed my Bride,
I else have showne you why the Ladies maske
Their face: so likewise know, I arm'd abide,
Because the martiall kings of *Epirus*
Who wan their wives by Armes, were wedded thus:

This other forme they ever likewise vsd,
Some forraine Prince their Queene must to them give,
Which ancient custome none have yet abusd,
Nor shall by me: for why, it would me grieve
To abrogate such worthy fashions old,
Ordain'd by my ancestors stout and bold.

For this cause I most humbly doe request
You, noble Prince of rich *Calabria*,
Do me the honour before all the rest
Of Kings and Lords of famous *Grecia*,
'Cause you're a forraine Prince, as to bestow
This Queene on me, which all the rest allow,

Sir (quoth the Duke) if that can can do you good,
Your Queene I shall deliver vnto you,
Therefore it's best you presently conclude
To goe to Church: for to the gods I vow,
I'll honour you in any thing I can,
For why, I love each martiall-minded man.

The king did yeeld him thanks, and so they went
To Church, whereas the parties all were wcd,
The Duke knew nothing of the Kings intent,
When to the armed king his Lasse hee led,
For this same Duke had vowd, during his life,
With his consent, his Lasse should nere be wife

The Palace Royall stood amidst the towne,
When there they came, *Calanthrop* went apart,
And on *Lucilla's* head he set his crowne,
Disarm'd himselfe, then with a ioyfull heart
The King, the Queene, *Sophona* and her Lord
Vnmaskt, or arm'd, returnd with one accord.

Before the Princes in the dyning hall,
The King, the Queene, and *Sophona* there crav'd
Pardon on knees for their offences all,
Of the *Calabrian* Duke, When he perceav'd
His daughter and her maid, likewise her knight
Was king of *Epire*, he with great delight

In armes embrac't and kist *Lucilla* faire,
Next her the king, and last her maid likewise,
Then he intreates *Calanthrop* to declare,
The pret'rite fortunes of his enterprise,
With ev'rie sev'ral successe good or bad,
And ioyes and crosses which in love he had,

For (quoth he) I remit all your trespassse,
And ev'rie wrong you towards mee have done,
Since thus you have acquir'd my lovely Lasse,
I likewise must account you as my sonne,
Therefore be pleas'd the truth for to relate
Most punctually, of all your former state.

At his request *Calanthrop* did expresse
His passed life, even as the Duke desir'd,
With all the circumstances, more and lesse,
That heretofore he had through love acquir'd,
To his discourse, exult they in assent,
And much approve his resolute intent.

The nuptials celebrated were with ioy,
Which did continue for a five-weekes space,
In end *Lucilla* of a goodly Boy
Was brought to bed, the wedding more to grace,
Which mov'd her father stay til she amended,
Then home he went, as hee before intended.

So did each *Grecian* Prince : when all were gone,
Calanthrop cald *Sophona*, that sweet maid,
She and her husband, by the king alone,
After this sort the king vnto her sayd,
Lady (quoth he) as yet no recompence
Of thy deserts, through my benevolence

To thee hath been extended : wherefore now
I here to thee and to thy husband give
The province of *Thesprotia*, likewise you
May in the Citie of *Pandosia* live,
Which lands with you and yours shall still remaine,
And not returne vnto the crowne againe,

This now *Sophona* shall be thy reward.
'Cause in my love thou ever didst mee ayde,
Thee and thy husband likewise I'll regard
Next to my Queen, thus shall thy love bee payd,
Since thou with vs wast partaker in woe,
In prosp'rous state good reason thou bee so.

They on their knees doe thanke him rev'rently,
He them embraced, then a Herald cald,
Before his Queene he causes presently
Them in *Thesprotia's* province bee instald,
Well (quoth the Queene) who serve (I doe perceave)
A loving maister, need their wage not crave.

In great content thus liv'd they many yeares,
Till that there came a messenger and told
The Duke was sicke, and (quoth hee) it appeares
He shall not live, for he is very old,
Therefor it's good you to *Calabria* goe,
If you intend to see him die, or no.

The King, the Queene, and the yong Prince their sonne
Towards *Calabria* doe their iourney take,
Sophona likewise would with them bee gone,
Likewise her husband went, for comp'nies sake,
They to *Brundisium* saile the ready way,
For neare that towne the Duke diseased lay.

When they were come, the Duke was mar'ulous sicke,
For now his latter end drew very neare,
Yet seeing them, hee straind himselfe to speake,
The which they all desir'd him to forbear,
Onely they lov'd to know his finall will,
Which all of them were ready to fulfill.

Hee finding that his dayes were neare an end,
'The little Prince hee tooke into his arme,
My child (quoth hee) the sacred gods defend
Thee still, and save thee ev'ry way from harme,
My feeble hands shall crowne thee, my sweete boy,
That ere I dye, my seed my crowne enioy.

For it will give my dying sp'rite content
To see my off-spring in my place succed,
Whilst I yet live : therefore to this intent,
I set *Calabria's* crowne vpon thy head,
And with my crowne receive my blessing here
Before thy father and thy mother deare.

The Prince thus crown'd, the dying Duke commends
His people vnto *Calanthrop* the King,
Then for his whole Nobilitie he sends
Delivering them to him: but now the sting
Of death, even then did penetrate his heart,
Which forc't him say, Farewell, and so depart.

Now since the Duke was dead, *Calanthrop* stayd
 Onely to see the funerall well done,
 Which being ended, he no time delayd
 But to *Epirus* with his comp' nies gone,
 Yet doth his wofull Queene with teares lament
 Her fathers death, which many moe repent.

Thus was the Crowne of *Calabrie* annext
 Vnto *Epire*, which many yeares indur'd,
 Till long time after they *Epirots* vext
 Through their revolt, and many times iniur'd
 Their Messengers, when they their tribute sought,
 Which twixt the kingdomes great warres after wrought.

For, since they saw *Calabrians* refusd
 To pay their tribute as they ought to doe
 Vnto the *Epirots*, and still abusd
 Each messenger that came *Epirus* froe,
 They then resolv'd to make them know by force
 Their dutie, and thereafter vse them worse.

To this effect the *Epirots* did raise
 An Armie great *Calabria* to invade,
 Each Prince in *Greece* to their immortal praise,
 Did them assist, and likewise did perswade
 Them for to prosecute what they resolv'd,
 Lest they, through stay, themselves in shame involv'd.

Therefore they went with all their Armie great,
 And so rebellious *Calabrie* assaild,
 Which frighted folke, with death their Armie threat,
 In end, those *Grecian* forces so prevaild,
 That they a Province wonne, and brookt in peace
 Long after that, which yet is cald *Great Greece*.

Now, lest I from my historic digresse,
 I will acquaint you with *Calanthrops* death,
 And his faire Queenes, whose lives in happinesse
 Both in one day expir'd, through lacke of breath.
 During *Calanthrops* dayes, brave martial man,
 Nor yet his sonnes, rebels revolt began.

And

CALANTHROP

And when *Sophona* heard of this report,
Calanthrop and *Lucilla* both were dead,
 Griefe on her tender heart seasd in such sort,
 No physick earthly could yeeld her remead,
 She folds her armes, and then with fixed eyes
 Vpon her husband, she (sweet Lady) dyes.

Calanthrops sonne, *Epirus* Annalstell,
 Was first, and father of the *Castriots*,
 Whose val'rous race still lineally besell.
 For to governe the martiall *Epirots*.
George Castriot, *Scandarbeg*, last king remain'd,
 After whose death, the *Turkes*, *Epirus* gaind.

FINIS.

